

H. G. Beach

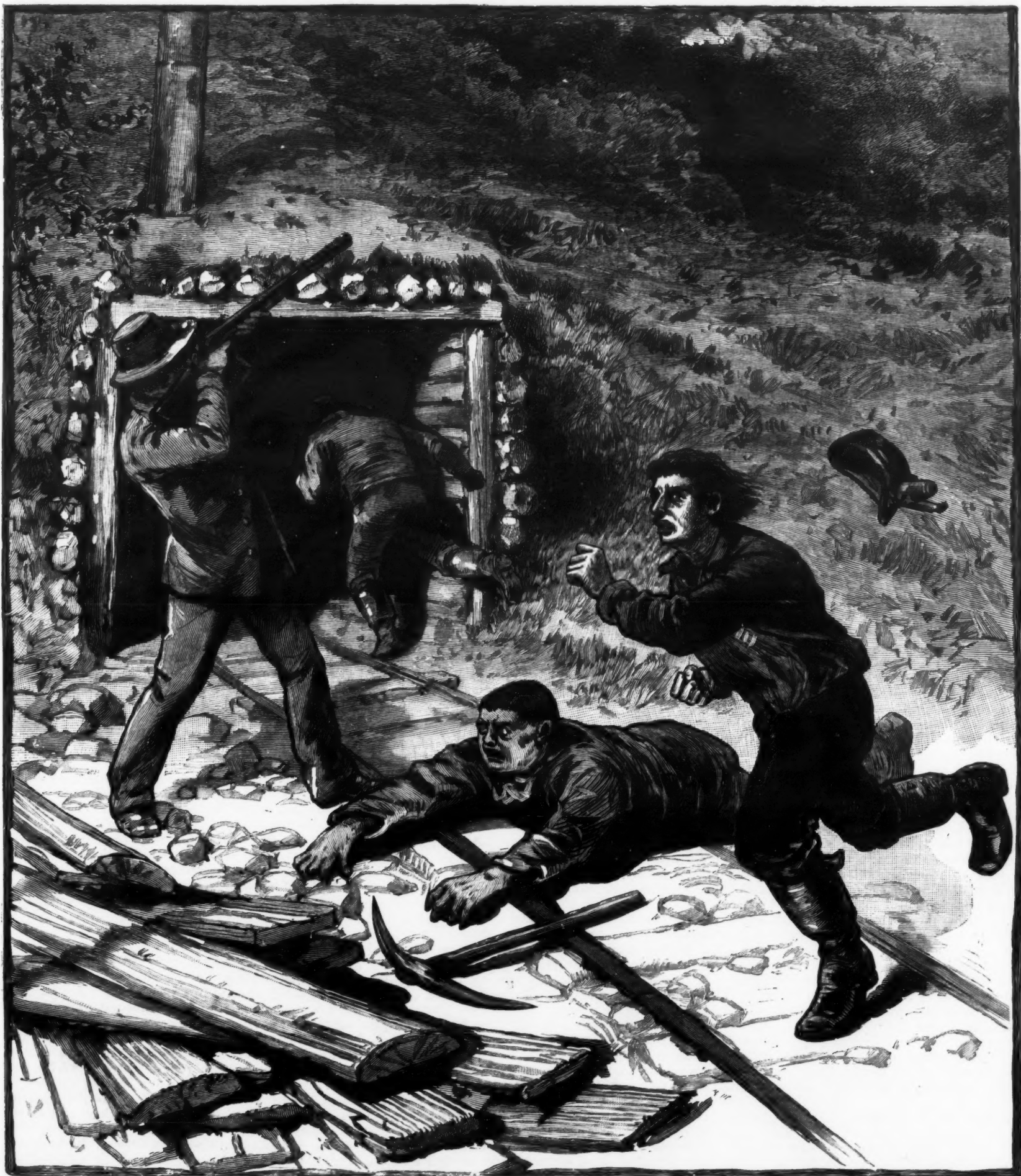
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OHIO.—THE MINING TROUBLES IN HOCKING VALLEY—STRIKING MINERS FIRING UPON "BLACKLEG" WORKMEN  
AT MINE 25, NEAR BUCHTEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 167.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
 53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
 Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

### NEARING THE END.

**F**OR only a few more days need we hold our noses. The filth of the Presidential sewer is about exhausted; the daylight and clear air of November 5th are just ahead; let us be thankful the relief is no further off! As the little boy who had his tooth drawn remarked: "Just before I died it came out."

This has certainly been one of the most choleric campaigns that this republic ever saw—a campaign based on defamation of character and on the circulation of scandals which, in ordinary times, would never be mentioned. From first to last principles have been lost sight of. The canvass has been phenomenal for the persistency with which lies have been stuck to and reiterated after they have been exposed over and over again; for the insensibility which newspapers have shown to the usual respect due to truth; and also for the complete inversion of personal relations. If a partisan press is to be believed, the ticket on each side is made up of men who have nothing in common and who have been yoked together in spite of the hatred and distrust they have always entertained and expressed for each other. It is also notorious that many of the prominent papers of both parties are now supporting through thick and thin, by every device they can think of, men whom they have repeatedly denounced, as corruptionists or condemned as unsafe to be trusted with any office whatever.

It is a sad state of things. It is shameful that any political canvass should ever be fought out on so low a plane as this has been. This reflection, however, is somewhat mitigated by the fact that so much vehement passion is a sign that Americans retain a lively interest in their political institutions. Only an earnest desire to have a certain policy triumph could have evoked so much calumny and so many shocking lies. There are no falsehoods circulated against a Presidential candidate in Mexico. Nobody dares to hawk a falsehood about him, or even to tell the truth. And nobody feels sufficient interest in the question to wish to say anything for or against him, or even to vote when election day comes. Perhaps our way is preferable to that. Perhaps liberty is better than lethargy, even with the quadrennial chance of suffocation thrown in. The republic cannot perish until indifference seizes the mass of voters. A campaign of slander is unseemly and disagreeable; but the fate of Greece and Rome cannot be ours as long as the people retain an active interest in the morality of candidates, and uniform and drill and march through the streets in tens of thousands, shouting and calling attention to the only path where safety lies.

However, welcome election day with the relief which its decision will bring! And welcome the sweet succeeding weeks when the nation's febrile condition shall become allayed—

"And silence, like a poultice, comes  
 To heal the blows of sound."

### REFINEMENT INSTEAD OF BRUTALITY.

**O**NE of the evils hitherto incident to college life has been the brutal practice of the Sophomores in "hazing" the newly-arrived Freshmen. Not seldom is the practice attended with great cruelty and suffering on the part of the victims, and sometimes young men have been maimed for life, or even killed by their fellow-students, not from personal malice, but as the natural result of a brutal custom, misnamed "college fun."

For a long time college faculties and trustees contented themselves with a mild protest against the evil, or with efforts to prevent it from taking the form of brutal violence; but of late there has been a decided effort in some colleges to abolish the custom altogether. The impulse of retaliation among boys at the college age is very strong. The Sophomore, remembering what he suffered as a Freshman, finds it hard to forego the "fun" of avenging himself on the newly-arrived students, and at his age bumptiousness is pretty sure to degenerate into brutality.

And just here is the explanation of the hostility of most college students to co-education. They instinctively know that the presence of refined young ladies in the several classes would impose a restraining influence upon their manners and habits. It is doubtful if the practice of "hazing" can ever be thoroughly broken up in any other way than by bringing boys and girls together as students in the same classes. In all the female colleges the incoming class is welcomed by a social reception, with music, flowers and refreshments; and at the Michigan University lately the young women of the Sophomore class were invited to the parsonage and church parlors of one of the city churches to give a welcome to the entering class of Freshmen. "What was said and done on the occasion," says one, who was present, "goes without the saying. When 150 American girls fail to have a jolly time together on a pleasant October afternoon, crowned by the loveliest of Autumn moonlight nights, this world will be

'on its last legs' and all things therein 'down at the heel.'"

The new departure thus signalized in college manners and morals exhibits the beauties of social refinement in contrast with the brutality that has so long flourished in our schools of classic learning. Well does the *Journal of Education* say:

"When the majority of eminent college dignitaries put forth their solemn protest against co-education, on the ground of the 'moral dangers' incurred thereby, we feel moved to ask, How does it happen that, even till this day, the most eminent and excellent men in America, with all the power of Christian influences to back them, can give no assurance that a college or academy full of boys from the best families, will not explode into a mob of howling savages, while a crowd of their sisters, cousins and youngish maiden aunts, gathered for the same business, instinctively blossom out into such fellowship of good feeling as that we looked upon at Ann Arbor? May it not be that, after all, the woman's heart is wiser than the wit and wisdom of the man, in his conceit of isolated superiority?"

These questions will some day force themselves upon the attention of the most iron-clad conservatives in college faculties and boards of trustees, who will be constrained to acknowledge that the wisdom of God in providing that boys and girls shall be born and grow up together in the same households rebukes the folly that would put them into separate institutions for the purpose of acquiring an education. The family, where boys and girls meet together every day and share a reciprocal life, is God's model for the school and college.

### THE DIMINUTION OF PAIN.

**S**CIENCE is the providence of this century. More and more man is enabled to help himself in an extremity by ways which a century ago would have been deemed miraculous. The discovery and application of anesthetics—whether due to Simpson, or Jackson, or Liebig, or Wells or Hill—marked a tremendous advance in surgery. Since that day the human race in civilized countries has been saved an enormous amount of suffering, and the diminution of pain has resulted not only in the promotion of health but in the saving of life. From year to year new processes have been invented to secure insensibility to pain, and every year some disease hitherto thought incurable is found to yield to surgical and medical skill.

The latest anæsthetic—hydro-chlorate of cocaine—recently discovered by a student of the University of Heidelberg, is found to be applicable only, or mainly, to the human eye; but so delicate is that organ and so liable to get out of repair, that the discovery of a means of making it entirely insensible while all the rest of the body is in its normal condition, is an immeasurable blessing to the human race. This anæsthetic was used last week for the first time in this country at the Mount Sinai Hospital, with complete success. Under the operation a double cataract was removed from the eyes of a woman while she was perfectly conscious, and she not only did not wince but did not know what was going on except as she was told. At last accounts the lacerated eyes were healing rapidly, and the recovery of the patient's sight was assured.

This is a long step forward. Pain is the enemy of the race and of all things which have life. Theodore Parker was fond of preaching, as many ministers have been before and since on "The Uses of Pain," in which he tried to find that all affliction was productive of good; but he stood speechless before the well-known aimless cruelty of the shriek which impales butterflies upon thorn-bushes and leaves them to writhe and die in agony, and he was sorely puzzled by the brutality of beasts and fishes in their assaults on each other. It is now generally agreed that pleasure is a factor of infinitely greater good than pain, and that mere suffering is most valuable in moral economy when it is reduced to its lowest terms. Demon-worship is passing away. Every twinge of the nerves is a disharmony and a positive evil, and every man who prevents a moment's torture is a benefactor of his kind.

### AMERICAN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

**T**HE *London Times* recently called attention to the development of technical education in the United States, declaring that some of the American schools of this sort are equal to the best in Europe, although their growth was an affair of less than a quarter of a century. Lehigh, Michigan and Cornell are the universities held up as bright examples. The first of these was founded in 1865, originating in a gift of \$500,000, supplemented afterwards by a much larger sum, and its original object, to give a technical training in the coal and iron industries, has been extended until it now affords a complete scientific training.

The evolution of the technical college has been simple. Thirty years ago a few American colleges gave some instruction in the sciences. Gradually, numbers of separate departments grew up; there was an increasing demand for better facilities. With the outbreak of the late Civil War, the demand for trained technologists forced the creation of new institutions such as the Stevens Institute, where technical training should predominate. The older institutions, such as Yale, Harvard and Columbia, added better facilities to their scientific departments, and recognized more fully the place of such work in modern education. To the technical training of the past twenty years, America owes a multitude of new industries, and broad industrial empires newly conquered.

American machinery is unsurpassed in points of strength, simplicity and cheapness. Mexico, South America, Australia and Japan buy much of this machinery, and employ American engineers and machinists to set it in operation. The directing minds of skilled labor, the men who advance the entire circle of the useful arts, must each year consist more of trained technologists, of persons whose technical science can be applied to industrial purposes. The evils that have followed the break-down of the old apprentice system, and the neglect of the mechanical arts by native-born Americans, will be remedied by this hopeful growth of American technical education.

### ARE WE BECOMING A NATION OF CRIMINALS?

**W**E know well of the rapid increase of our population; but we fail to realize the far more rapid increase in the number of our criminals. At the present time the convicts in the prisons of the United States are more than double those of 1871. In Massachusetts crime increases a hundred per cent. each decade. Twenty years ago in the Bay State ten thousand annual commitments were made to penitentiaries; ten years ago the annual number had risen to twenty thousand; and it has since swiftly increased. In 1882 the number of commitments exceeded by over five thousand those of the previous year. As long ago as 1876 the Massachusetts State Board of Charities, in its annual report, declared: "We find that there is scarcely a country in the civilized world where atrocious and flagrant crime is so common as in Massachusetts."

The official statistics of crime, easily accessible, prove a vast increase in other States besides Massachusetts. Judge Barrows, of the Supreme Bench of Maine, in a recent charge to a jury, remarked: "In the earlier years of this State the crime of murder was rare. With a population not much less than now, years went by and it was not heard of. But within the past nine or ten years its increase has been such that it has become a mere nine days' wonder." "It is a fact," says the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, "that as a people we are undergoing rapid deterioration." It is affirmed that in several cities regularly organized societies of criminals are formed. The late warden of the Massachusetts State Prison gave this astounding testimony before a legislative committee: "I know, of my own knowledge, that there exists in the City of Boston a regularly organized society of criminals, with president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. This society has a regular form of admitting members; the prison each graduated from, his offense, with information in regard to the prison, are all recorded. The society discusses the most approved plans for burglary, tools, equipments, etc. They keep a register of the best criminal lawyers, and of the judges of the courts, and they have a fund for mutual support and protection."

One of the most remarkable, as it certainly is one of the saddest, features of this flow of criminals is their youth. Last December Judge Cowing, of New York city, called attention to the vast increase of crimes committed by young men. Ninety per cent. of those convicted of burglary and robbery are, he said, under the age of twenty-five. In San Francisco the police records show that three-quarters of those arrested are under twenty years, and that about one-half of those charged with the crimes of larceny, burglary and robbery are scarcely twenty-two years old. The average age of the convicts in the Massachusetts Prison at Concord is only twenty-four.

The remedies for this lamentable condition are as easy to prescribe as they are difficult of application. They are, in good part, of a general character. The fidelity of parents in the training of children, the fidelity of the public schools in giving moral as well as intellectual instruction, the fidelity of the churches to the unchurched masses, represent general but important measures of social regeneration. Furthermore, prisons ought to become reformatories in which opportunities for moral reform should be made more abundant than opportunities for continued deterioration. The separation of the criminal classes in the prisons cannot be too rigorously insisted upon. The courts, too, should endeavor not only to protect society, but also to give such sentences as tend to reform the offender.

### STATE OF OUR MANUFACTURES.

**T**HE United States are now admittedly the most extensively engaged in manufactures of any country in the world. It is therefore of interest to notice the condition of so large an industry as a whole. It is very unfavorable. Many of the cotton mills at the South and East are closed, though some in the former section within a few years have paid dividends of twelve per cent. At Fall River most of the spindles devoted to the print-cloth manufactures are idle. The jewelry trade has become so depressed that measures have been taken to perfect the organization of those interested therein, with a view to improving the condition of the industry. Out of 696 blast-furnaces engaged in the pig-iron manufacture—so important to this country—no less than 462 are idle, or a little more than sixty-six per cent. Pig-iron can be produced nearly as cheaply in this country as in Scotland, especially by the large companies,



one of which owns its own ore bed; but there is little or no demand for iron, partly owing to the decline in railroad building. The manufacture of steel rails languishes for the same reason. The copper industry is so sluggish that the famous Calumet and Hecla Company, which used to pay \$5 a share, has passed its dividend. The manufacture of agricultural implements is in a depressed state. The flour industry of the Northwest and elsewhere is in anything but a favorable condition. The hardware trade is depressed. There is distress at the South owing to the dullness of tobacco manufactures. The woolen goods industry is unusually depressed, and farmers will probably be obliged to accept low prices for their wool clip this year.

And numerous other instances might be cited in which dullness and depression weigh upon important manufacturing industries. No decided relief need be expected until the turn of the year, and even then it may be delayed for some months. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to notice that efforts are being made to open the way for a larger foreign market for some of our manufactures. Prices of cotton goods are an eighth of a cent a yard lower in Manchester than in Lowell, and that fact deprives us of the English market, but the trade with the British colonies, and other parts of the world might be fostered. Our various manufactures form only 15.35 per cent. of our total exports, and this should be increased.

#### THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliamentary cards are dealt for an unusually interesting game. Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Parnell are the players. The Queen's speech has omitted mention of a Redistribution Bill, which means that Mr. Gladstone is reserving his play. The Marquis of Salisbury has declared that the House of Lords will pass the Franchise Bill if it be accompanied by a measure for redistribution. To the Address in reply to the Queen's speech, Mr. Parnell, through his lieutenant, Mr. Harrington, M.P., has proposed an amendment denouncing the administration of Earl Spencer, the Irish Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Chief Secretary, and demanding an inquiry into the Maamtrasna murder case, in which the conduct of the Government agents was, to say the least, contrary to the interests of justice. The first "lift" has been won by Mr. Parnell, for Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Chief Secretary, has resigned his post even before the debate has begun.

To drop metaphor, the decision of a vital issue between two great branches of the British constitution seems to lie, as we said last week, with the Irish leader. If the Marquis of Salisbury remains obstinate, Mr. Gladstone cannot beat him without the aid of the Irish party, who, by throwing in their influence with the other side, can contribute to the defeat of the Government and the downfall of the Ministry. Mr. Parnell will not vote with Mr. Gladstone unless the Government agree to his terms; for Mr. Parnell, whose strength will be greatly augmented after a general election, and who has no special interest in either English party, is rather anxious for a dissolution, and the Tories are as anxious to make a bargain with him as the Liberals.

One of the Irish leader's demands is the recall of Earl Spencer and the dismissal of several of the obnoxious officials of Dublin Castle. Mr. Trevelyan's resignation would seem to be an earnest that the Gladstone-Parnell bargain has been struck; but the developments only can determine the fact in the case.

#### THE TENEMENT-HOUSE EVIL.

EFFORTS in the direction of tenement-house reform in New York city thus far have been mostly of a spasmodical character. Some improvement has been made, but the death-traps which pay a heavy yield of blood-money still outnumber a hundred to one the model houses where clean and healthful accommodations are given at a low rental, and where a fair margin of profit satisfies the owners. A committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate the condition of the tenement-houses is at the present time holding sessions in this city. The testimony taken presents some striking contrasts. An inspector describes two courts in which stand twelve tenement-houses, all in wretched condition and condemned by the Board of Health, yet which bring their landlord \$405 each per month. In a single house in Essex Street, containing sixteen rooms, 200 persons are packed. The rental of these rooms is from \$1 to \$8 per month. In some cases, twenty nationalities are represented under one roof, and the accommodations, as regards space and cleanliness, are inferior to those afforded by a common stable. The moral atmosphere of these hives is usually as foul as the physical. Such is the real state of things existing in the majority of the poorer city tenements to-day. What the possibilities are in the way of improvement is shown by the testimony of another witness called by the Commissioners. This second witness was a member of an association which had started with a capital of \$300,000. The association bought sixteen lots, upon which thirteen houses were built at a cost of \$280,000. These houses had open courtyards in the rear, fireproof stairways, water-closets on each floor, a reading-room, bath-rooms and laundries. The monthly rentals charged were from \$6.75 for two rooms on the top floor to \$14 for rooms on the first floor. The association made a net profit of five per cent. out of its investment, with \$1,000 per annum surplus. Within the last five years, a few large landholders have also built improved tenement-houses, but New York has never yet had a Peabody. Corporations and millionaires are the chief owners of the miserable tenements, and they do not originate or carry out reforms of their own accord. The humanitarian must enter the field, and by an authoritative statement of the shameful abuses of landlordism arouse a public feeling which shall compel such legislation on the subject as the facts in the case plainly demand.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE opening of the Autumn session of Parliament, which is discussed at length in another column, has of course been the exciting topic of the week in British political circles. While interest centres in the great conflict between the Commons and the Lords, it is not unlikely that foreign affairs may compel a diversion at an early period of the session. General Wolseley, pushing forward on his hazardous route towards Dongola, makes requisitions upon the treasury which are by no means cheerfully granted. The proposed Government credit for the Nile expedition is £2,000,000, but the final cost of the undertaking will probably cause this sum to appear insignificant. Lord Northbrook returns from his Cairo mission satisfied that it is impossible to wring more taxes out of the Egyptian fellaheen, and that, on the contrary, it will be necessary to reduce taxation. Perhaps the sinking fund is not entirely secure, after all. In South Africa there is now some prospect of an amicable settlement of the difficulties with the Boers by the appointment of a British Commissioner, as provided for by the London convention, to delimit and define the boundary of the Transvaal. England has accepted the invitation to take part in the Congo Conference, which will meet early in November, and has appointed Sir Edward Malet, Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany, delegate.

General de l'Isle states, what for some time has been apparent, that while the French forces in Tonquin are sufficient to maintain a defensive attitude, they are inadequate to the undertaking of offensive operations of any importance. He has only 8,300 effective troops; while to continue his aggressive movements and repel the invasion of Tonquin, an effective force 20,000 strong is necessary. As to a march upon Pekin, a complete *corps d'armée*, composed of 40,000 men, with 8,000 horses and a number of light-draught gunboats, would be required to carry out such an order. It is said that 9,000 additional men will be sent to the scene of action. Late advices from China not only fail to confirm the report of a victory by Admiral Courbet at Kelung, but emphasize the account of the French defeat of the 15th instant. Admiral Lespès admits that 106 of his men were killed, and that the French flag was captured. Admiral Courbet has promulgated an edict ordering the blockade of Formosa, where the Chinese continue to strengthen their defenses. According to dispatches from Paris, the majority of the committee on the Tonquin credit are in favor of decisive action, and are willing to vote even larger credits to enable the Government to bring the difficulties to a speedy conclusion.

Although Wilhelm I., Duke of Brunswick, ruled but a petty Duchy, he was one of the richest princes in Europe, and his death is followed by a great deal of discussion as to who shall be his successor. The direct heir is Ernest Auguste, Duke of Cumberland, and by courtesy King of Hanover; but the anti-Prussian sentiments of the Duke render him so obnoxious to the Emperor of Germany that his accession to the Brunswick throne is doubtful. The candidate favored by the court is Prince Albert, of Prussia. In the meantime, the Duke of Cumberland has issued a proclamation assuming the Government of the Duchy of Brunswick, while the Council of Regency carries on the Government provisionally pending a settlement of the question of succession.

The Liberal victory in the Belgium municipal elections cut short the triumph of the Clerical Party. The Liberals were victorious at Antwerp, Ostend, Liege, and fifteen other towns, while the Clericals elected their candidates at Bruges, Niville, and nine other places. The Liberals consider that the Education Act has been condemned by the people, and clamor for the resignation of the Ministry and the dissolution of the Chambers.

According to the latest reports that have reached Dongola, there is still some hope that Colonel Stewart is safe in Khartoum. The Arabs claim that only merchants of Berber from Khartoum were on board the steamer which ran aground at Wady Garna, and that all who were taken captive by the natives have since been set at liberty and unharmed.—Advices from Madagascar state that it is believed to be too late in the season for the French to march upon Antananarivo, the capital. This will involve a delay of eight months. The sickness among the French is increasing.—It is stated that the expense of the Nile expedition will be met by adding a penny to the income tax.

A GRAND aggregation wedding tournament is underlined for a Missouri town, where forty-two hearts are to be made by legal process and church ceremonial to beat as twenty-one. This marrying at wholesale has many economical as well as attractive features, as, for instance, but one wedding-breakfast will be required. The officiating clergyman, also, will doubtless charge the grooms club rates. The only person whose perquisites will be augmented rather than impaired by the performance will be the divorce lawyer.

THE assault upon Governor Cleveland, one day last week, by a "crank" who imagined that he had a grievance, created quite a sensation at the State capital, but fortunately did not occasion any inconvenience or discomfort to the intended victim. Had there been any ground for ascribing the assault as a political motive the excitement would have been much more intense, but the most prejudiced partisanship could find no justification for such a pretence, and men of all parties united in denouncing the outrage as it deserves.

REPRESENTATIVE MCKINLEY, of Ohio, who was ejected from his seat in the present Congress, to which he was clearly elected, to make room for a Democrat who was not legally entitled to the place, has been "avenged upon his adversaries." In the recent election he was returned to the House by a decisive majority, over one of the strongest men of the district, not a few Democrats voting in his favor. One of these days party leaders will learn that it doesn't pay to violate every principle of justice and fair play at the demand of partisan "necessity." The people are pretty sure to right all wrongs like that done in the case of Mr. McKinley, and that party will stand best in the future which shows the keenest appreciation of this fact.

THE gift of \$500,000 by William H. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, while a wise and munificent benefaction, is also likely to place that gentleman's character in a new light before the public. It had come to be generally considered that the cluster of money-autocrats whose enormous fortunes have been built up largely by speculation, were unmindful of the moral claims of the community under whose political and social system they were enabled to far outstrip their neighbors in the race for wealth. Particularly was this the feeling towards Mr. Vanderbilt, whose alleged "raceless expression of 'the public be damned'" aroused a decidedly unkindly sentiment towards that gentleman in all sections of the Union. But now that he has nobly come forward to endow one of the most famous institutions of the world with a princely sum the public will abate somewhat the severity of its judgment and give him all the credit he deserves for his generous act. Others will no

doubt follow in his wake, and thus a most judicious benefaction, rising above mere vanity of self, will serve a higher use than was perhaps perceived by the giver.

VERY recently the papers contained detailed accounts of the sad fate of Miss Carrie Welton, who was frozen to death in a snow-storm while descending Long's Peak, in Colorado. This of itself would cause her name to be connected with that of the mountain where she perished until the fact should lose itself in a dim legend long years hence; but Miss Welton has furnished the public a still better reason for tenderly keeping her memory green, in a legacy of \$200,000, or more, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In this connection comes the suggestion, Why would it not be a good idea to introduce the life-saving St. Bernard dogs of the Alps in such parts of the Rocky Mountains and other ranges as are most visited by hunters and tourists?

In the sensational novel, of the type Oriental, the Monte Cristo millionaire, proud, mysterious, princely, profound, reclines in his study, "carpeted with Nubian lion-skins," and with his Arab or Hindoo servant, faithful as Cerberus, silent as the Sphinx, ever within call. The ideal of "personal attendance" is never found outside the pages of novels. In real life the imported valets, couriers, man-servants and maid-servants, are inexpressible nuisances for all sensible and healthy persons. It is only invalids who need personal attendants. The able-bodied American who cannot put on his slippers or open his door without the obsequious officiousness of a paid lackey is paying an exceedingly high price for cold and naked splendor. Yet, only the other day, no less than seventeen of the passengers on one of the European steamers arriving in New York had "personal attendants" procured abroad "regardless of expense." How well we are maintaining the standard of our Republican simplicity!

ABOUT this season of the year, as the almanac would remark, look out for the Oldest Inhabitant. He is weatherwise and seeks safety from successful contradiction of his prognostications by referring to precedents so venerable that the mind of the present generation runneth not to the contrary. But even the *ex cathedra* predictions of this harmless bore do not exceed the eccentricities of nature herself during the present Fall. For example, in Middletown, N. Y., a garden yielded its second crop of raspberries and blackberries, which ripened in the middle of October. In a Port Jervis garden a second crop of strawberries of excellent quality was picked after Ohio had gone Republican. An apple-tree in Monticello had its lower branches loaded with ripe fruit, while the top was a mass of pink blossoms—nature's nuptials of June and October. Second crops of hay heavier than the first, trees that had shed their fiery foliage only to re-dress in Spring green, and similar freaks are also reported, from which it appears that the demoralization of a Presidential year is not confined to the trade and politics of the country.

WHILE the present political canvass has been marked by wholesale abuse and defamation of the Presidential candidates, there has been much less of ruffianism and actual violence than in any campaign since the War. Indeed, it was not until last week that any notable instance of interference with the freedom of speech or violation of the decencies of debate was reported from any quarter of the Union. It was left for a Democratic mob in Fort Wayne, Ind., to mar the otherwise exceptional record by a conspicuous illustration of low partisan brutality. Whatever Mr. Blaine may be in himself, he is just now the representative of a great party, and a candidate for the highest office in the land. As such he is entitled to a fair and courteous hearing, and to respectful attention wherever he may appear. But at Fort Wayne he was not only silenced by a crowd of ruffians especially gathered for the purpose, but was exposed to every form of insult that could be thought of—the outrage being so deliberate and so savagely persisted in that he was finally compelled to quit the scene and seek an opportunity elsewhere to address his friends. That such an invasion of free speech could occur in Indiana may well provoke surprise, but it is still more surprising that there are some party leaders and journals which have not a word to say in reprobation of the outrage.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

DRAWING will hereafter be taught in the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio.

THE Masonic Grand Lodge of Ohio has declared rum-selling a Masonic offence.

THE American wing of the Salvation Army has cut off from General's Booth's British forces.

THE first snowstorms of the season were reported on the 23d instant at Detroit, Cleveland, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Toronto.

THE largest retail drygoods house in the Northwest, located in Milwaukee, Wis., was totally destroyed by fire on the 23d instant. The loss was \$650,000.

MR. BLAINE last week visited several points in Indiana, Illinois and other Western States. He will spend part of the present week in New York and vicinity.

THE Examiners-in-chief of the Patent Office have rendered a decision awarding priority of invention as to the essentials of the telephone to Alexander Graham Bell.

THE Commissioners of the subsidized Pacific railroads have submitted his report to the Secretary of the Interior. It shows the total indebtedness of these roads to the United States to be \$102,934,794.

ACCORDING to Bradstreet's report there were 234 failures in the United States during the past week. About eighty-five per cent. of this number were small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000. The corresponding week of 1883 had 209 failures.

##### FOREIGN.

THE French Senate has voted medals for the troops in Tonquin.

MR. TREVELYAN, recently Chief Secretary for Ireland, is under police protection.

UPON the reduction of the Egyptian army to 3,000 men, all but ten of its British officers will resign.

TERIBLE distress prevails among the fishing villages in the Gaspe region of Labrador, and the Dominion Government has been implored to send relief.

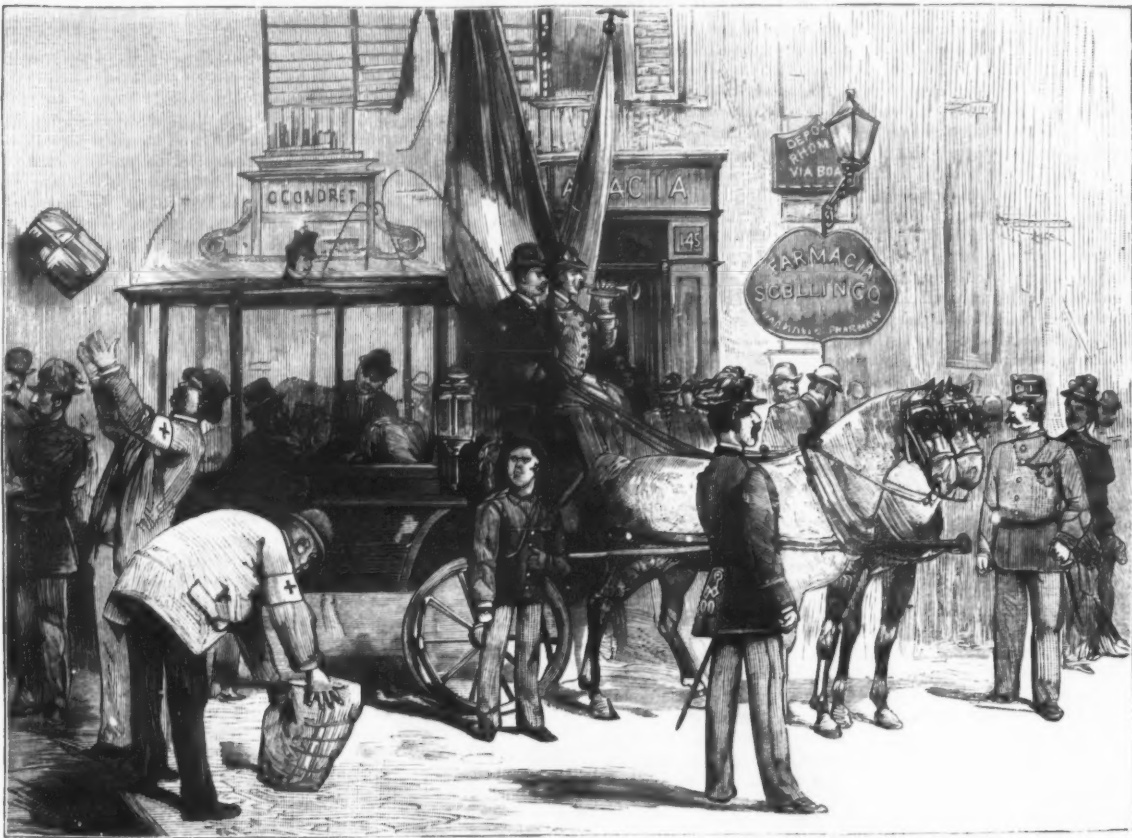
THE founders of the St. Paul Catholic Italian Church in Italy deny the authority of the Pope to pronounce them heretical. They will be excommunicated.

THE Mexican Senate has approved the preliminaries for a renewal of diplomatic relations with England. The question of the English debt has been referred to a Committee of the House.

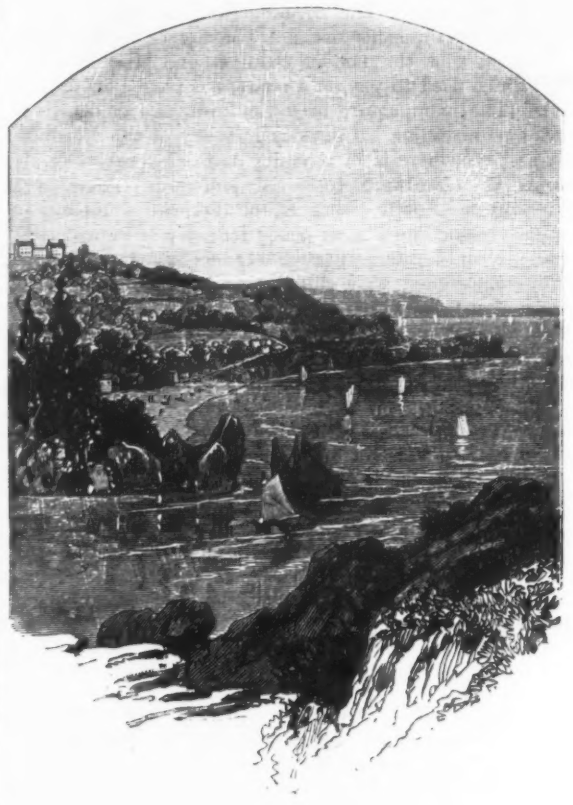
THE annexation of New Guinea, or Papua, to the British Empire is now an accomplished fact. A protectorate was proclaimed last week, from a man-of-war in Orangerie Bay, over the southeast coast. It is only a matter of time, of course, before British colonial rule will spread over the entire island. Thus by simple declaration Great Britain adds about 275,000 square miles to her territory, or a tract of land as large as Texas.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 167.



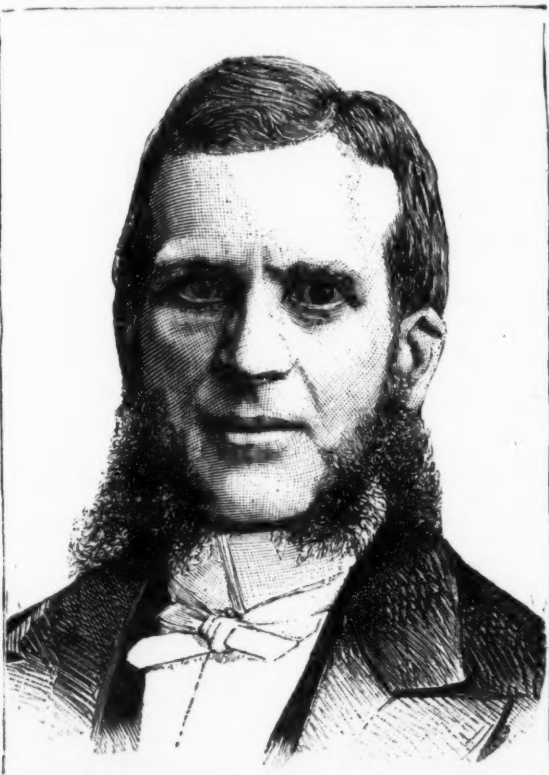
ITALY.—THE BENEFICENZA WAGONS MAKING COLLECTIONS, IN ROME, FOR CHOLERA SUFFERERS.



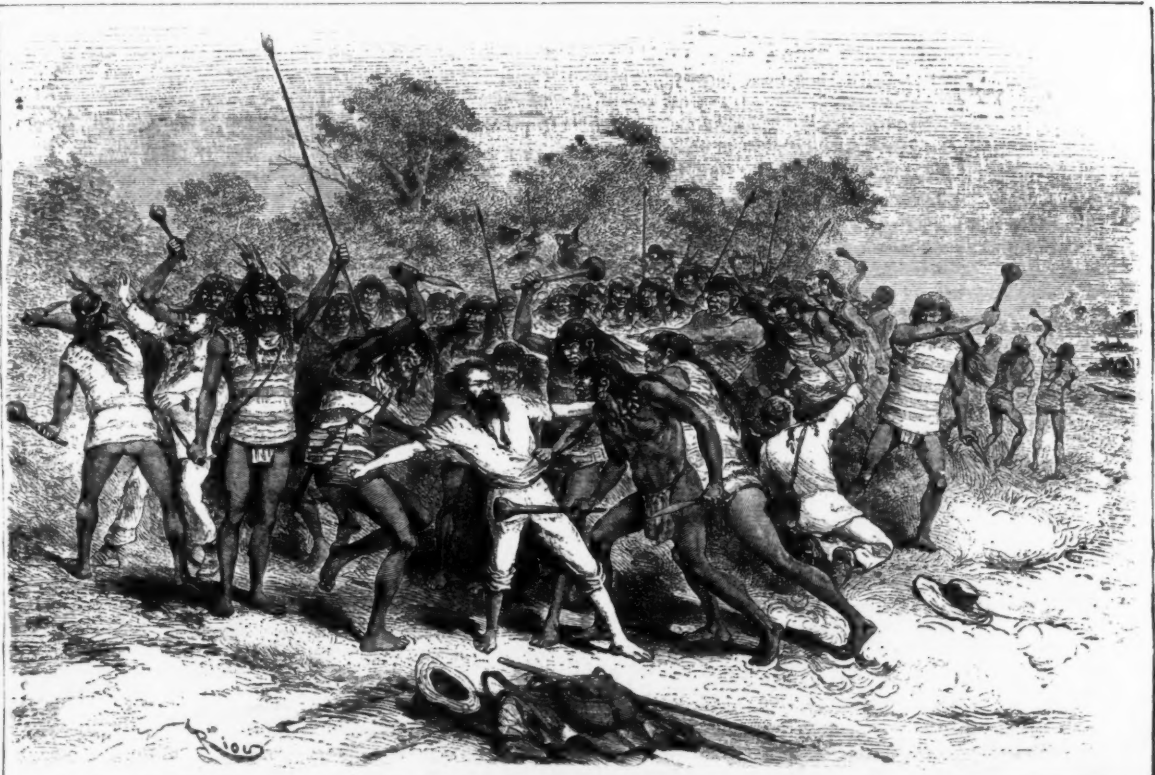
ENGLAND.—ANNE PORT, JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.



ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—THE NEW CITY OF LA PLATA, BUENOS AYRES, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC.

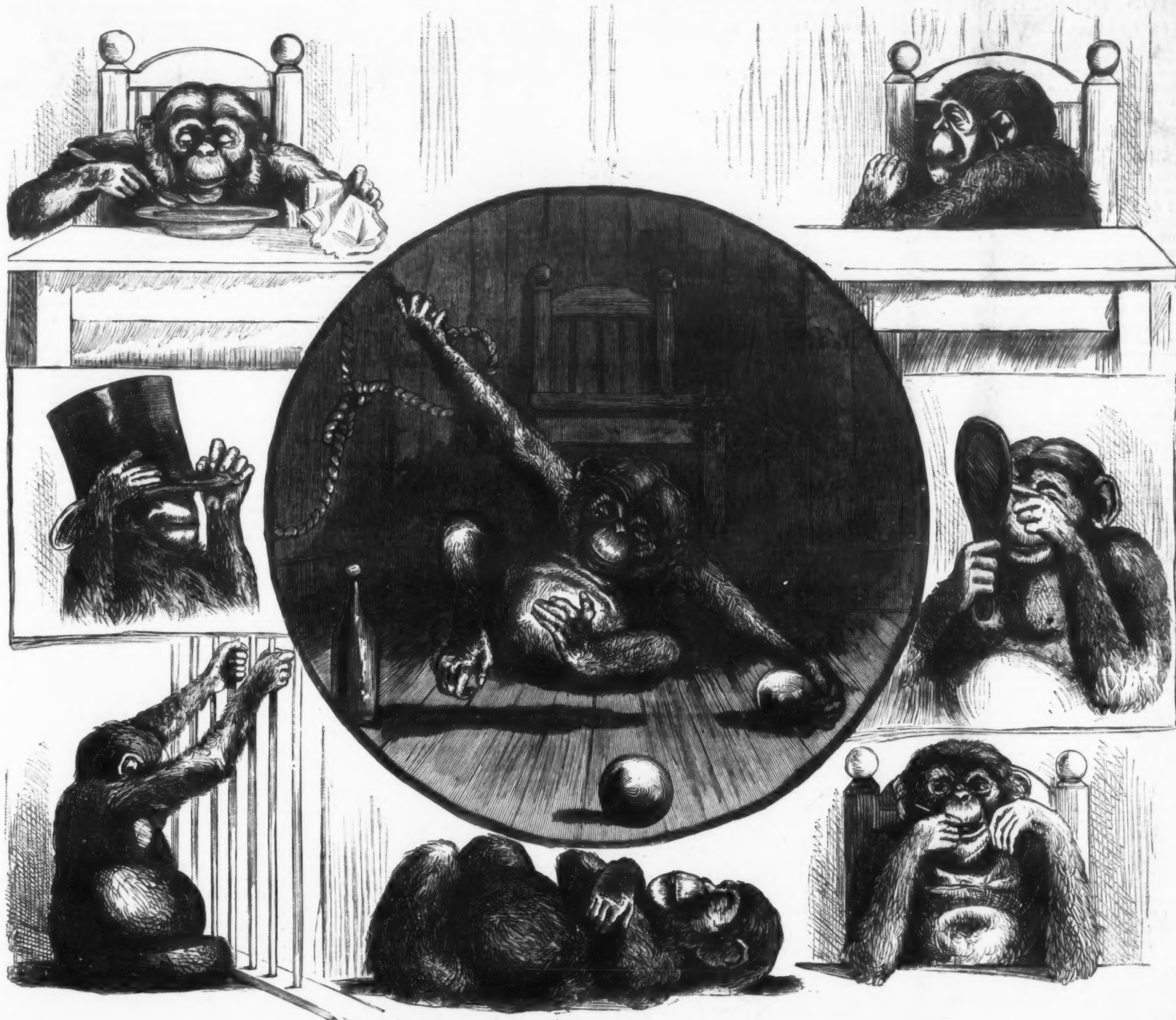


BELGIUM.—M. WOESTE, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

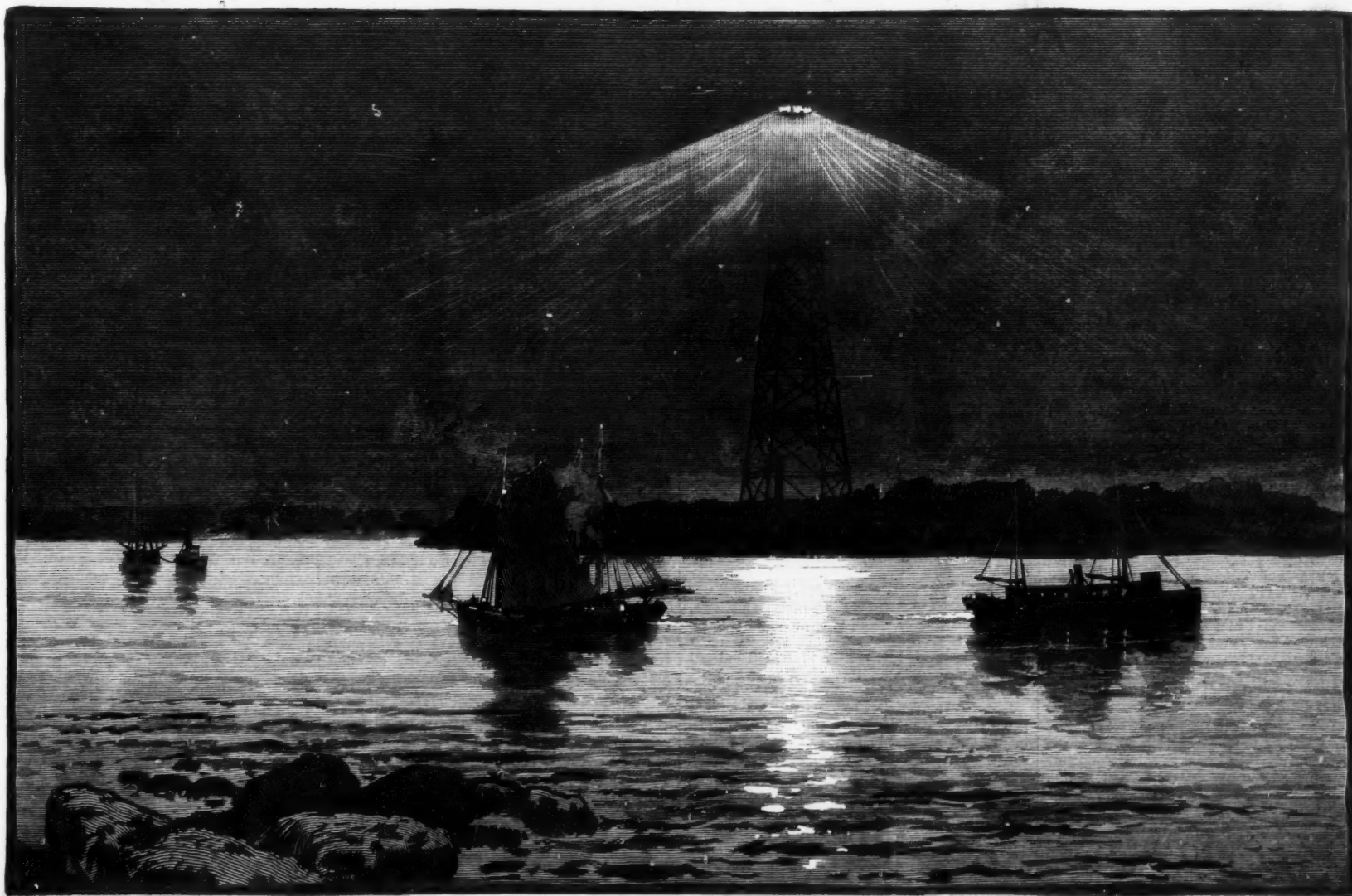


BOLIVIA.—THE MASSACRE OF THE CREVAUX MISSION BY THE TOBA INDIANS.





NEW YORK CITY.—CROWLEY, THE EDUCATED CHIMPANZEE, EXHIBITED AT CENTRAL PARK.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 167.



NEW YORK.—THE NEW GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE ON HALLETT'S POINT, HELL GATE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 167.



## HIS DOUBLE SELF.

"I COULD tell you," said the dapper little doctor, "of the strangest thing in my experience. How much longer is it before that confounded train will be due?"

"An hour," replied one of the other men, who stood with his back to the stove contemplating his valise.

"We won't get in to-night," growled the third. "I'd like to change places with any man that doesn't have to travel. Ugh! how I hate it!"

"No, you wouldn't want to change places," responded the doctor. "Hear my story. No, thank you, I don't smoke—or, rather, I can't. Help yourselves," and he sat down, stretching out his feet on the stone hearth. "Good fire, anyhow. There are worse places to be in than the comfortable waiting-room of a depot."

"Where's your story?" said the man with the valise.

"Oh! do you want to hear it? Well, then, I knew a man once. Met him at a country-house where a few of us were stopping for the Summer. He was a queer sort of a Dick, I thought; he was in love with the daughter of our hostess—a pretty girl of about twenty or so, brown eyes and hair, altogether very lovable. Didn't blame him for being in love with her. I think she returned it, too, but the man seemed to be utterly miserable.

"We were all sitting on the piazza one evening, half a dozen of us, Miss Ada and her lover among the rest. It was not more than eight o'clock when my young man, whom I will call Reed, excused himself, and went into the house, not coming out again that night.

"I saw Miss Ada looked hurt, but I caught the hopeless expression on his face as he turned to give her one look before going in, and I felt that she ought not to blame him for leaving her. Some one asked him the next morning if he were sick, but he said 'No.'

"I became quite interested in the matter, especially as Miss Ada avoided him and he seemed so wretched about it.

"Things became more complicated when a picnic was proposed and Reed refused to go. I felt terribly sorry for the poor fellow, and made up my mind one evening, when he again left us as abruptly, to see if I could fathom the difficulty.

"I went to his room half an hour after he had gone in, and knocked at the door. No answer. I knocked again; still no answer. I turned the knob softly, and went in; the light was burning dimly, and he was lying on the bed, evidently sound asleep. I put my hand on him; he felt cold. Then I turned up the light. He lay like one dead, or as if in a trance. I shook him; he opened his eyes, but there was no intelligent expression in them, though he kept them open for some time; he was like one whose soul had left the body, and left it still alive. I gave him a little brandy; he swallowed it, but did not seem to be conscious of the act. I sat by him two hours.

"At the end of that time, with a heavy sigh, he turned over, and I saw he was himself again.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, sharply.

"Watching you," I answered.

"Well," said he, getting up, "what good has it done you?"

"None, so far," I replied. "Reed, my dear fellow, I wish you would explain it."

"I wish to God I could!" said he.

"You were asleep?"

"Was I?"

"Were you?"

"I would like to think so."

"If you were not, why didn't you answer my knock?—unless you were ill."

"I was not here."

"Was the man crazy?"

"Where were you?" said I, thinking to humor him.

"Oh, miles away," said he, wearily leaning his head on his hand. "I looked at him closely, and saw that he had grown thinner and paler in the last week. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, as if intensely tired.

"Mr. Reed," said I, "you are either very unhappy, or likely to be very ill. Which is it?"

"He did not answer for some time. Then he said:

"Doctor, I believe you are a good fellow. It is out of the power of any human being to help me, but I will tell you my story, if you care to hear it."

"Most assuredly."

"Well, then, seven years ago—I was just twenty-one—I had a severe illness. Since then I have lived two lives. There is, not a great distance from here—just how far I don't know—a young man in delicate health. I am that man as well as myself. You cannot understand it, I know. My God! I wish you could! This other man was ill at the same time I was. I never heard of him, or saw him, before I opened my eyes one morning, and looked upon a different room from that in which I had been sick for three months. Some one, a woman, was kneeling by the bed, praying: "Oh, God! give me back my boy!" with such sobs and tears that I could have wept, too. Then some one else came and leaned over the bed, another woman. "Is there no hope?" she said.

"None," the doctor said.

"The woman stood and looked earnestly.

"I think there is," said she.

"I was conscious that it was not I lying there, but my thoughts were confused, and when the woman rose from her knees and bent over the body, saying, 'My son!' I was impelled to say, 'Mother!'

"Since then I have lived a double life; part of the time I am my original self. I live, act, think as I would do. Then there comes a sudden feeling, my identity is removed. I occupy another body—the body of the young man whose mother prayed God to give him back to her. I do know where my

own body is, or what it is doing at such times, but I have a horror of being found dead, or rather supposed to be; perhaps to be buried, only coming back to my own body to find it under ground. It is horrible!

"Horrible!" I said. "Does no one else know it?"

"No."

"Pardon me, not Miss Ada?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Why do you not tell her?"

"Tell her! To have her think me a lunatic; to have her recoil from me in horror. Is it a natural story?"

"No."

"And you are not sure but what I am crazy. Are you?"

"I hesitated before answering, and then evaded the question by saying: 'I would like to see the other young man.'

"I am not sure that you can."

"Why?"

"I don't know just who he is."

"You puzzle me more than ever."

"While I occupy his body I am always in the same rooms; I see through his eyes only these two women, his mother and his aunt. I am called Edward. I have no memory of that body's former life. I only occupy it, for the purpose it seems, of keeping it alive, and the mother is satisfied that it lives. It is not hard to answer when the question is asked: 'How do you feel?' 'About the same,' or 'Would you like me to read to you?'

"Yes, if you like to," and beyond that there is little range of idea. I am there only at times, less than half the time, for I hear them say, 'he sleeps a great deal.' I loathe the change so that I make no effort to find out anything more than I have told you."

"It is a very hard case."

"He sat moodily biting his mustache.

"Yes," he said, presently, "I will tell you all, since I have begun. I have no parents, one sister living far away. My living I do not have to labor for, because I have money. I have fallen in love with a woman who daily thinks I am indifferent to her because I cannot tell her I am not. I must leave her side sometimes when I would give worlds to stay. I must refuse to go with her as other men would to drive, to picnics, anywhere. I dare not go for more than an hour at a time, so rarely can go at all. I dare not tell her I love her, for I could not marry her."

"If she loved you she would be satisfied with yourself when you could be yourself, and she would believe your story."

"But is she likely to believe it?"

"I don't know. I think your best plan is to leave her. Try and write to her tell her you love her, and leave the rest."

"It would be dishonorable, since I do not know how long I may be in this bondage."

"I do not think so," and with this advice I left him.

"After this I tried to discover the state of Miss Ada's feelings, but who can pretend to read a woman! She did not know herself, I think."

"I have found out where Edward lives," said Reed, one day to me, in a low voice.

"You have!" said I. "Can I see him, do you think?"

"Being a doctor. Yes, I think so. The name is Bernadot, and the place is about fifty miles from here."

"How did you find out?"

"The last time I was there I asked the distance to this place—Snudly—and they told me fifty miles. Then I asked who Edward's father was named for; I was ashamed and afraid to ask Edward's name. Was told the father was named for an uncle Edward, and that I was named the same, Edward Stryke Bernadot, and there came in a servant who called the mother Mrs. Bernadot."

"I shall go to see him. You know the name of the place?"

"Yes! Markton."

"You may be sure the next day I took the opportunity to go there. I asked for Mrs. Bernadot. She came down—a sweet, sad-looking woman, with gray hair."

"I have heard of your son from a friend of mine," I said. "I am a doctor; perhaps it may be in my power to relieve him."

"She thanked me, and asked me up-stairs. I saw a pale, fair young man lying on a couch; the room, though handsomely furnished, had the air of being occupied by an invalid."

"He sleeps most of the time," said Mrs. Bernadot; "and when he wakes, he takes very little interest in anything—he passed her hand fondly over his hair—but he has been spared to me," she said; "though it is in this way, I have no right to murmur."

"While I stood looking at the young man he opened his eyes."

"Edward, this is Dr. Awry," said Mrs. Bernadot.

"An odd smile came to his face as he stretched out his hand."

"My feeling was a strange one. I knew it was Reed speaking to me with this young man's voice, and it was Reed who said, 'I am glad to see you, doctor.'

"I talked with him a little while, but did not make much headway. He seemed to be under a sort of restraint, and I left, promising to go again."

"Soon after Reed left Snudly, but I do not think he wrote to Miss Ada, for she seemed dispirited and sad after he left. I was honestly sorry for Reed. I was sure the young people loved each other, and it seemed a hard fate that kept them apart."

"Was that the whistle?"

"No," said the grumpy man; "fifteen minutes yet. Is that all?"

"No."

"Before you go on," said the man with the valise, "what is your theory on the subject?"

"Just what Reed asked me. It was one of those strange supernatural affairs that there is no accounting for. It may have been that when Edward really died, Reed's spirit, partly disembodied by his illness, had, through the prayers of Edward's mother, been permitted to inhabit her son's body at times, that she might not feel she had lost him. Or it may be Reed really was crazy."

"But you saw the young man?"

"Yes; but perhaps I was crazy."

The grumpy man looked disgusted.

"Well, what is the end of it?" said he.

"Oh, as I said, Reed went away. I wrote to him, and went occasionally to the Bernadots. One day Reed walked in, as we were just through dinner. I saw Miss Ada turn white, then red. Reed went straight up to her, with the happiest look I ever saw on mortal face. He stood for a minute holding her hands as if he saw no one else, till she gave a little embarrassed laugh, and said, turning to me as the nearest one, 'Here is Dr. Awry'; then he walked up to me, grasped my hand, and greeted the rest; but I noticed it was not long before he made an excuse to get Miss Ada off by herself, and I saw no more of either of them for hours, from which I concluded that something had happened."

"As may be supposed, I was devoured with curiosity, and seeing Miss Ada run up to her room just before tea, I hunted up Reed."

"What has happened?" I asked.

"I am free," said he.

"How? What do you mean?"

"It seems shocking," he said, "to be so unutterably glad, but Edward's mother died last night, and I was no longer needed, so the poor body will be buried with the mother to-morrow."

"And here he broke down, and cried like a child. I must confess I felt the water standing in my eyes; he seemed so like a prisoner set free. The excitement had kept him up, but his newfound happiness overpowered him. There was no need for him to tell how matters stood between him and Miss Ada. They were married in six weeks, and I was best man."

"Did she ever know?" asked the grumpy man.

"I never asked."

"All aboard!"

"There's our train."

## THE WOMEN OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON women are, as a whole, probably more universally underrated than those of any other city in this country, owing perhaps to the fact that they are chiefly known through the chronicles of Washington society's doings published in the newspapers throughout the United States. From these detailed accounts of a round of receptions, dinners, lunches, balls and the like, it is inferred that no other life is led by women who live at the national capital than that comprised in the above list of frivolities, and that the women who are the central figures in these gayeties have neither time nor inclination for anything but amusement, excitement and admiration. There is, perhaps, a greater variety in types of women in Washington than in most other cities of the same population, since it contains, especially in Winter, a greater proportion of people from all parts of this country than any other city in the United States, as well as a goodly representation from foreign lands. Among so many who have been reared under different influences and with varying views of life, there must be both good and bad specimens. That there are some who delight in social life and care little for humdrum domestic duties is doubtless true, but few of them are in a position to have any home duties, and the mothers and wives who really neglect husbands, children, or home for the sake of society are, perhaps, less frequently found in Washington in proportion to the number of married women there than in many other places. The women who do not discharge their home duties in Washington belong to the class who, if they lived in a village, would seek excitement in church festivals, or even in funerals, rather than stay at home and lead a quiet life.

It must always be remembered, too, that the women of Washington, especially those whose husbands are in official positions, are peculiarly situated, and have demands made upon their time especially by strangers which ladies in no other city have to the same degree, if at all of a similar kind.

When a man who has a wife and young children is elected to Congress, his wife carries a sadly divided heart about with her, if she loves husband and children, for both need her, and very often it is not possible for her to be with both. It is expensive to take her children to Washington and break up her old home, and often she cannot, even if her husband is able and willing to go to the expense of taking the children to the capital, make suitable arrangements for them, especially if they have been at school at home, because to take them away for part of the school year necessarily interferes seriously with their studies. So it is a problem: What will a conscientious wife and mother do under the circumstances?

While it is perfectly true that there are a number of ladies whose social position demands that much of their time should be given up to visiting, receiving calls, entertaining and accepting invitations, it is also true that they not only attend to household duties and to their husbands and children, in addition to social obligations, but also find space for engaging actively in works of charity. Statistics prove that no city of the same population and no greater wealth, supports more active charities than does the national capital, and for all of these the families of officials actually work in the true sense of the word. Some of these ladies are wives or daughters of Government officials, or of members of one of the Houses of Congress, or of army or navy officers, while others

are in a strictly private position so far as being connected directly or indirectly with any branch of the Government service is concerned. Not a few of the young girls who most delight in the dancing-parties, and who spend eight or ten hours per day at the height of the season in a gay round of lunches, matinees and Germans, yet may be seen once a week teaching poor girls to sew in an industrial school. In fact, most of the faithful teachers in that school are young ladies with many pleasures and diversions at their command, and belong to the most fashionable circles in society.

The wife and daughter of the Chief-Justice of the United States may be instanced as ladies who, while their position in society demands much of them in the way of visiting, receiving and entertaining, which duties they discharge most gracefully, still devote a great deal of time to works of charity. The former is President of the Woman's National Relief Association, which gives clothing, food, etc., to those rescued from drowning at the Life-Saving Stations, and to other sufferers from floods, fires and the like.

Her daughter has specially distinguished herself as a manager when amateur theatricals, operas, tableaux, etc., are given to benefit charities, and, in conducting these, performs many laborious tasks.

Both mother and daughter often, when entertainments are given for a charitable purpose, which include refreshments, may be seen serving food to purchasers, washing dishes, or discharging other duties involving no little fatigue and discomfort.

The eldest daughter of the present Secretary of State, although her health has never been robust, and she was for many years an invalid, not only keeps house for her mother, who is often in poor health, and presides always at the tea-table at their receptions, of which they give two each week in the Winter, in addition to dinner-parties, but at all seasons of the year is a visitor to the Children's Hospital, and is indefatigable in rendering aid to many other charities, and undergoing much fatigue for their sake.

From time to time novels purporting to illustrate Washington society have been published, and in the case of most of them that city and its friends elsewhere have protested and claimed that in being represented, as the novels generally did, as heartless, formal and shallow, and in respect to its official element corrupt, as well as ignorant, the society of the national capital was slandered. Last year there was a special outburst of indignation in regard to one of these publications, and many demanded that some one should write a novel as a refutation and vindication. As fact is stranger than fiction, so is the refutation and vindication of Washington society the stronger through the facts connected with the long illness of the late wife of Representative Bingham than any work of the imagination most friendly to the women of the national capital could be.

The official element of Washington society was fairly represented in the incidents of her illness, the patient sufferer through months of torture from cancer of the mouth being the wife of a prominent member of Congress, and a lady who, while in health, was one of the gayest of those entertainers in Washington, and her two most devoted daily attendants before her death being the wife of a foreign Minister, Madame de Struve, who never saw Mrs. Bingham before last January, but who had become her physician and nurse; and the wife of a Cabinet officer, Mrs. Brewster; each of whom had a superfluity of social duties demanding attention as well as constant temptations to enjoy herself away from the depressing influences of a sick room.

One might defy any one to find in any community, where the frivolities of dress and fashion are the most condemned, and where women devote themselves most to home duties, three women who could, through so long a period of trial (the last illness continued for six months), exemplify more strikingly than did these three the Christian virtues of faith, patience and self-denial.

Nor were Madame de Struve and Mrs. Brewster the only ladies belonging to fashionable circles who gave up much of their time to the endeavor to relieve Mrs. Bingham's sufferings or to divert her mind from them. As long as others were permitted to go to her room the wife of Marshal McMichael went daily to read or to talk to the invalid, and, after she could no longer see her, Mrs. McMichael was one of the several who regularly waited in the house to be of use in case there was any occasion for her services. Though her physicians knew her doom was sealed early last Winter, yet Mrs. Bingham was able to receive with President Arthur on New Year's Day, and gave a lunch-party shortly afterwards, and received formal visitors for the last time on January 15th. Despite the taste for the frivolities of life, these facts might seem to indicate, yet, when only two months later she learned that her case was hopeless, and that only torture would be hers until death should release her, this woman with beauty, youth, a devoted husband, and all that could make life desirable, meekly resigned herself to her fate, and was never heard to murmur that her lot was hard.

Those interested in the advancement of women will be glad to hear that certain women physicians have met with great success in Washington. One of these, as is well known, was one of President Garfield's regular attendants during his last illness, and had previously attended his wife while ill in the White House.

Another, whose name has rarely been seen in the newspapers, has been for several years the regular physician of Chief-Justice Waite and his family. At first she attended the ladies of the family only, but within the past two or three years, whenever the Chief Justice has needed a physician's services, she has visited him also, and his faith in her skill is implicit.

Architecture seems to be commending itself



more and more as a desirable profession for women, and one in every way adapted to their tastes and physical as well as mental endowments. The writer met at Saratoga this Summer a notable instance of a very young woman, now Mrs. Baldwin, of San Francisco, who had studied with her father, the State Architect of California, and, though only nineteen years old, had been of great assistance to him. The little bride seemed to take most pleasure in telling of a dwelling-house in California, lately completed, of which she was the sole architect, and for which she alone made all the plans and specifications.

"The family are now living in it," she said, with infinite gusto, "and say they are greatly pleased with the house."

She expressed an earnest desire to meet Mrs. Roebing, who so ably assisted her husband in completing the Brooklyn Bridge after his health failed.

MISS GRUNDY.

#### THE STRIKE IN THE HOCKING VALLEY.

THE grievances of the Ohio miners must be very serious to nerve them to maintain for weeks and months a desperate strike in which all the odds are against them, and which entails great suffering upon themselves and their dependent families. Sooner or later, however, the battle between the workers and the "syndicates" had to be fought out. A point seems to have been reached where compromise on the part of the owners must mean justice and liberality; on the part of the laborers, slavery. The one seems to be as unacceptable to the former as the other is to the latter.

Guards employed by the companies, and armed with Winchester rifles, protect the mines and such Hungarians and negroes as have been brought in to replace the strikers. Excitement and bitter feelings are rife, and it is not strange that there should be occasional scenes of violence. One of these is depicted as witnessed by our artist at the mouth of Mine No. 25. A Pinkerton guard is exchanging shots with a belligerent party on the hillside, while two or three terrified "black-leg" miners scramble frantically for the friendly shelter of the pit's mouth.

#### CROWLEY, THE INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE.

CROWLEY, the chimpanzee, has become the centre of attraction at the Central Park menagerie. He has been "cut" by all the other prominent members of the monkey-house society, on account of professional jealousy. Although he is but three years old, his intelligence is marvelous, and if his educational progress continues as it has begun, he will soon claim the right to vote.

The chimpanzee, as everybody knows, ranks in osteological structure above the orang and the gorilla, and is the form of the four-handed animals which comes nearest to man. It has immense arms reaching below the knees, and a hand quite similar to that of man, save that the thumb is much the smallest of the fingers. The foot is properly a hand, with a very long and powerful thumb. The chimpanzee is able to stand erect, but cannot long maintain the position without support. It is from four to five feet in height when full-grown, and is covered with dark hair.

Crowley was brought from the Congo region a baby, and is not yet three feet high. He is full of life and spirits. His behavior is like that of a petted human child, and in some respects he is quite as intelligent. He has been taught to sit at a table and eat rice and milk with a spoon. At present he is taking lessons in sleeping upon a bedstead, after the orthodox fashion of civilized communities. When his keeper washes the windows of his house, Crowley takes up a wad of paper and helps. Like the human small boy, he insists at times upon standing on his head. This habit is discouraging to the friends who are trying to teach him to wear a hat. When he receives a scolding, he sulks in a corner and cries. Chimpanzees have the reputation of becoming irreclaimably vicious as they grow up; but no creature could be more docile and tractable than Crowley in this his third year. He will, we believe, remain a permanent resident of Central Park. His accomplishments and personal charms are set forth to advantage in our illustrations.

#### HELL GATE LIGHT.

THE nine electric lamps, which, shining from the top of an iron tower 250 feet high, are nightly to illuminate the perilous tides of Hell Gate, flashed forth their powerful beams for the first time last week; and the occupation of the little oil lighthouse on Blackwell's Island is gone for ever.

The new lighthouse stands on Hallett's Point, on the Long Island side of the East River. The construction of the tower is quite simple. It consists of four iron columns placed so as to form a pyramid cut off at the top. The columns are fifty-four feet apart at the base and five feet apart at the extreme top. The columns are joined together by iron work, and each is anchored at the base to a block of concrete nine feet square at the bottom and ten feet high. The electricity is supplied to the lamps by a No. 8 Brush machine, running nine lamps of 6,000 candles each—a total of 54,000 candles. The lamps are arranged to form three-quarters of a circle.

Astoria is lighted all night long as if by a low-hung moon, and on the river it is as light as day, so that vessels may pass at any hour, instead of waiting, as heretofore, for sunrise. The light is said to be one of the most powerful in the world. All the electric machinery in the tower is duplicated, so that even in the case of an accident the light would not fail.

#### GRAND TAMMANY DEMONSTRATION.

THE demonstration of the Tammany Hall Democracy on the night of the 21st instant was one of the most brilliant and imposing of the present campaign. The procession embraced over 30,000 men, and was two hours and a half in passing a given point. The campaign clubs, attired in every variety of uniforms, and carrying banners and transparencies of almost every imaginable device, marching through streets packed with people and illuminated by red lights and Roman candles, presented a spectacle which rivaled in uniqueness and picturesque effects the finest display of recent years. One of the most amusing features of the parade was a body of men dressed as aged Dutchmen of the good old Knickerbocker

times, and who smoked their pipes as they hobbled along amid salutes of applause. At Tammany Hall there was a vast concourse of Democrats who listened to speeches by Senator Bayard, ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Delaware; ex-Senators Thurman and Whyte, and others. There were also three stands for speakers in Union Square, and around these all the available space was filled with people, and the neighboring streets were choked so that street-cars, carriages, and stages got through only with great difficulty. When the first detachment of the torchlight procession marched past the lower end of the square the crush was very great, and from that moment until after eleven o'clock Fourteenth Street and the southeast corner of the square was blocked with men, women, and children.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### COLLECTING SUPPLIES FOR THE CHOLERA SUFFERERS.

During the recent cholera visitation a society was organized in Rome for the purpose of collecting clothes and money for the families of the unfortunate who perished through the dread scourge. People of the highest rank enrolled themselves under this philanthropic banner, and, with wagons specially arranged for the purpose, repaired from house to house soliciting dole in the richer and most fashionable quarters. The mission proved a genuine success, raiment or money being gladly given by the people applied to. Two young ladies of noble birth and exceptional beauty, the Signorine Virginia Scalpelli and Igiva Pagano, were foremost in this pious work, and the amount of aid administered to the luckless sufferers through the instrumentality of these "wise virgins" was as great as it was welcome.

##### A RAILROAD MONUMENT.

Spain is rapidly awakening to the necessity for improved and increased railway system. In 1876 there was not a double track in the entire country. To-day she is pushing her railways, and the opening of a tunnel, a bridge, or a cutting is made the occasion of notable and public festivity. Barcelona being the Chicago of Spain, is ever foremost in public works and from Barcelona the iron road extends in every direction; to Madrid southward, to France north, and to Saragossa west, ward. The monument recently inaugurated to commemorate the opening of the railway from Valls to Villanueva and Barcelona is as handsome as it is substantial. The design is one selected after public competition. It is four-sided, with advanced and projecting pillars. The allegorical figure of Catalonia surmounts the pedestal, with statues of Villanueva, Valls, Barcelona and Tarragona seated beneath. Suitable inscriptions appear on the base. A massive and costly railing incloses the monument, with lamps of exquisite design at each of the four corners.

#### LA PLATA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The Argentine Federal Republic, under its present Government, is in a highly prosperous condition. Its natural resources are vast, and its rapidly increasing commerce affords great opportunities to enterprise and capital. The chief obstacle to its development, heretofore, has been the want of a good seaport. The old City of Buenos Ayres, with a population exceeding a quarter of a million, is situated on the south side of the La Plata estuary, a hundred and fifty miles from the open sea. It is not, however, a convenient port, there being a mere shallow roadstead, where ships are obliged to lie miles off the shore, exposed to violent winds. To remedy this inconvenience by providing a new commercial port, with a new city which is to supersede Buenos Ayres as capital of the Republic, has been the bold policy decided upon by the National Congress. This task has been accomplished, to a considerable extent, within the past sixteen months, chiefly by the energy and ability of one man, Dr. Dardo Rocha, Governor of the metropolitan province of Buenos Ayres. On the shores of a fine natural harbor, called Enseñada, forty miles below the City of Buenos Ayres, the new city, founded by Dr. Rocha, November 19th, 1882, and bearing the name of La Plata, has begun to rise, while effective works of harbor improvement and port accommodation have been commenced, for which a loan of £2,254,100 was issued, last October, through the firm of Morton, Rose & Co., of London. The inauguration of the City of La Plata as the new capital took place on April 5th, this year, since which date the whole of the official business of the province has been transacted there. The population, industry and trade of the city are quickly increasing day by day. It has already become an important public edifice and a noble park. It is expected that Dr. Rocha will become a candidate for the Presidency of Argentine Republic at the next election. Our picture presents a general view of the new capital city.

#### THE TROUBLES IN BELGIUM.

The recent triumph of the Liberals in the elections in Belgium has greatly aggravated the difficulties of the political situation. Serious outbreaks have occurred at several points, and anarchy practically prevails at Brussels, Hasselt, and elsewhere. The resignation of the Ministry has been demanded by the Liberals, and the King last week so far complied with the demand as to ask the withdrawal from the Cabinet of Ministers Jacobs and Woeste. He was informed, however, by the Premier that the whole Ministry must stand or fall together. The King desires a coalition Ministry in order to secure the voting of the estimates and the National Military Reserve Bill and the dissolution of Parliament in the Spring. It will be remembered that the "Law of 1884," as it is called, which has just been put into force, was the creation of Ministers Jacobs and Woeste. This law discharges the State from the primary care of education, placing it in the hands of the Commune. It did not pass without violent opposition, and a Committee of Burgomasters met in the Hotel de Ville at Brussels for the purpose of organizing in order to prevent the Bill receiving the Royal assent. On the other hand, the clergy, and an enormous number of the laity, support the measure, and M. Woeste, now Minister of Justice, will have their support in any Cabinet crisis which may arise.

#### THE MASSACRE OF DR. CREVAUX'S MISSION.

On the 25th of April Dr. Crevaux, with Dr. Billet, M. de Ringel, M. de Herant, M. de Dumigrov, with fourteen Bolivians and two Indian interpreters, arrived at Cavagui-Repoti, where they encamped, remaining on the 25th and 27th. On the 27th at ten o'clock in the morning the party arrived at a large

stretch of sand on the river. The Indians, as was customary, invited them ashore to partake of a repast consisting of fish and mutton. Dr. Crevaux, with Messrs. Billet and Ringel, disembarked first, the others following. Scarcely had the explorers landed ere they were quickly surrounded by a large body of Indians (Tobas), who precipitated themselves upon the party and massacred all save three, who escaped by swimming, the foul murder being executed by *Makanas* lances and knives.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

CANNING oranges is a new industry in Florida and California.

THE root of the burdock has been introduced into France as a vegetable. It is said to resemble salsify in flavor.

OF the 270 fulminating factories started in Europe during the present century, 261 have been destroyed by explosion.

THE importation of fresh fruit from California to the East has increased to such an extent that 200 cars are now in use for the traffic.

COMPLAINTS of overwork in German schools are abundant, and several decrees have already been issued restricting the quantity of home-study required and limiting the classical studies.

AN Illinois philanthropist wishes to benefit the poor by teaching them to eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down. He says that the sense of taste is most acute on the tongue, and that a very small amount of butter is satisfactory if put in the obviously right spot.

THERE has been started in Berlin a "share company for the removal of trichinae from pork." A patent is being applied for to exploit a recently invented process to that effect, consisting of pickling pork by means of a highly heated brine, in which muriatic acid forms a large ingredient, which process, it is claimed, will kill any trichinae that may be in the meat, and preserve the latter permanently.

ALL along the Canadian border there are houses and stores built exactly across the line for the purpose of smuggling, and the Canadians are making an effort to have the practice made illegal by both countries. It would appear to be no infringement on the rights of a citizen to compel him to build his house entirely on one side of the line or the other.

EVEN earthquakes would appear to have some good qualities for those who know and study them. In a report to the British Association, Professor Milne, of Japan, the well-known seismologist, plaintively states that "the last season was a comparatively poor one, there being only fifty-seven earthquake shocks between May, 1881, and May, 1882, as compared with eighty which were felt during the corresponding period of the previous year."

A RED-WOOD tree, cut in this country, furnished all the timber for the Baptist Church in Santa Rosa, Cal., one of the largest church edifices in the country. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another red-wood tree, cut near Murphy's Mill, in this country, about ten years ago, furnished shingles that required the constant labor of two industrious men for two years before the tree was used up.

THE waters of Kern River, California, and its tributaries, excepting the headwaters of Whitney Creek, are occupied by the speckled brook-trout so often found in the streams and lakes of the Sierra, whose meat is hard and sweet because bred in water so fresh and cold. The species found in the headwaters of Whitney Creek are peculiar to that place and creek, and are known as the "golden trout." They are found, as we understand it, at no other place in the world, and have as yet secured no scientific name. They do not excel in delicacy of flesh the other varieties found here, but are noted for the beautiful color which flakes their sides—as purely golden as if they had been submitted to a coating of gold-foil.

PARISIAN appetites demand more meat and less bread in the year than any other town in France. In 1883 the Parisians consumed 293,145,033 pounds of meat, without counting game and *charcuterie*; while the quantity of fish eaten was much larger than in previous years. Hippophagy steadily increases, owing to horse-flesh being much cheaper than ordinary meat; and last year the Parisians ate 9,485 horses, 307 asses, and 40 mules—over double the consumption of ten years since. Asses and mules are considered much more delicate fare than horse, and are proportionately dearer. As to bread, each inhabitant does not eat quite one pound daily, although not a scrap is wasted. Second-hand bakers buy up the refuse from large hotels and establishments, and sell the best pieces to inferior eating-houses for soups, etc. The rest are baked afresh, ground to powder, and passed to the *charcutiers* to ornament their hams and cutlets.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 18TH.—In Augusta, Ga., Dr. Louis Alexander Dugas, a well-known physician and medical writer, aged 78 years; in Boston, Mass., James Wormley, the well-known hotel proprietor of Washington, aged 64 years; in Berlin, Germany, Wilhelm L. Duke of Brunswick, October 19th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Arthur Bassett, prominent in society and politics, aged 58 years; in New York, Nathan Nesbit, a well-known lawyer of the Yorkville Police Court, aged 52 years; in Danville, N. Y., Dr. Samuel B. Faulkner, President of the First National Bank of that place and the oldest bank president in the United States, aged 94 years. October 20th.—In New York, Colonel Augustine J. H. Duganne, a well-known politician and writer, aged 60 years; in Spartanburg, S. C., the Hon. John H. Evans, Representative in Congress of the Fourth South Carolina District, aged 54 years; in Scarborough, Me., Jacob Milliken, aged 100 years. October 21st.—In Centerville, Md., Judge Richard B. Carmichael, aged 87 years; in Boston, Mass., Colonel Solomon Hovey, Jr., aged 46 years. October 22nd.—In Boston, Mass., Thomas Maguire, a well-known New England journalist, aged 43 years; in New York, George N. Titus, one of the oldest lawyers of this city, aged 74 years; in France, Professor Adolphe Regnier, of the French Institute, aged 80 years; in Rome, Cardinal Bartolomeo d'Avanzo, Bishop of Culvi and Reano, aged 73 years. October 23rd.—In Montclair, N. J., Lewis St. John Benedict, a well-known business man, aged 73 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE President has appointed Stephen F. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico.

MINISTER KASSON is to represent the United States in the Congo conference at Berlin. England will be represented by Sir Edward Malet.

ADMIRAL COURBET, the French commander in China, entered school intending to become a soldier, but changed his mind in favor of the navy after reading one of Capt. Marryat's novels.

EX-MAYOR WILLIAM R. GRACE has been agreed upon as the Anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York city by most of the Democratic and Citizens' organizations that are opposed to Tammany.

JOHANN STRAUSS, who has just celebrated at Vienna his fortieth anniversary as a *maestro*, received congratulations and presents from all over Germany, because he has always conducted himself, as well as his orchestra, properly.

MR. WEST, the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Butler ticket, started his business life as a bar-keeper down in Holmes County, Mich. From handing out fire-water to thirsty customers he went to work on a railroad, and since then he has become a leading railway man in that city.

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES "bolts" the nomination of Mrs. Belya Lockwood, declaring that she does not believe in women meddling in politics. "My highest ambition," she adds, "is to do all the good in my power, and I trust that the time is rapidly approaching when I shall be in possession of my estate, that I may relieve to some extent the sufferings of the poor and oppressed without regard to political difference or religious creed."

THE announcement made by several New York newspapers of the engagement of President Arthur to Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen, daughter of the Secretary of State, is denied by the young lady's brother. Several friends and relatives of President Arthur declare the announcement untrue. The President has been engaged several times, according to some newspapers. His first wife, who was Miss Ellen Herndon, has been dead five years.

MR. BANNERMAN, the new Secretary for Ireland, is, like Mr. Trevelyan, his predecessor, a Scotch member, a son of Sir James Campbell, of Forfarshire. He assumed the surname of Bannerman. He is forty-eight years old, and belongs to the Radical section of the House of Commons. It seems strange that Ireland, which contributes an Irishman to every point of difficulty—a Wolseley to Egypt, a Dufferin to India, and a Robinson to South Africa—should not be permitted one of her own sons to manage her own affairs.

ARTHUR ORTON, the Tichborne claimant, was released from prison in London on the 19th inst. He still counts his adherents by tens of thousands, including many rich dupes and several members of Parliament. He has already begun an agitation intended to reopen his case and to force a new trial to prove whether he is Arthur Orton or Thomas Castro or Sir Roger Charles Tichborne. He has issued a manifesto, which he signs Roger Charles Tichborne, and in which he charges the Government officials with perjury, forgery and bribery, with suborning and coercing witnesses, and with packing juries.

INDIANA seems to have gone crazy on the subject of politics. A proof of the prevalent craze is afforded by the fact that during Mr. Blaine's visit to that State last week he was greeted at nearly every railway station by long lines of young women, wearing campaign uniforms, marching, with torches over their shoulders, with the men. In some places, as at Kendallville, the young women were the beauties of the place. The general uniform is a white duck dress, trimmed and slashed with scarlet, with bands of red across the breast. The cap is a jaunty red silk. These young women march and sing, while their brothers shout.

JAMES WORMLEY, the colored proprietor of Wormley's Hotel, in Washington, died on the 18th instant, aged sixty-five years. He was one of the richest, most enterprising, intelligent and respectable colored men in the District. His parents were free negroes who came to Washington from Virginia early in the century, and here James was born. His father kept a livery stable, and the lad began his career on the box. His hotel has been known for many years as the finest in Washington, and has been patronized by the Russian, Austrian, Turkish, English, Mexican, Chilean, Spanish and Japanese Legations, and by very many distinguished Americans.

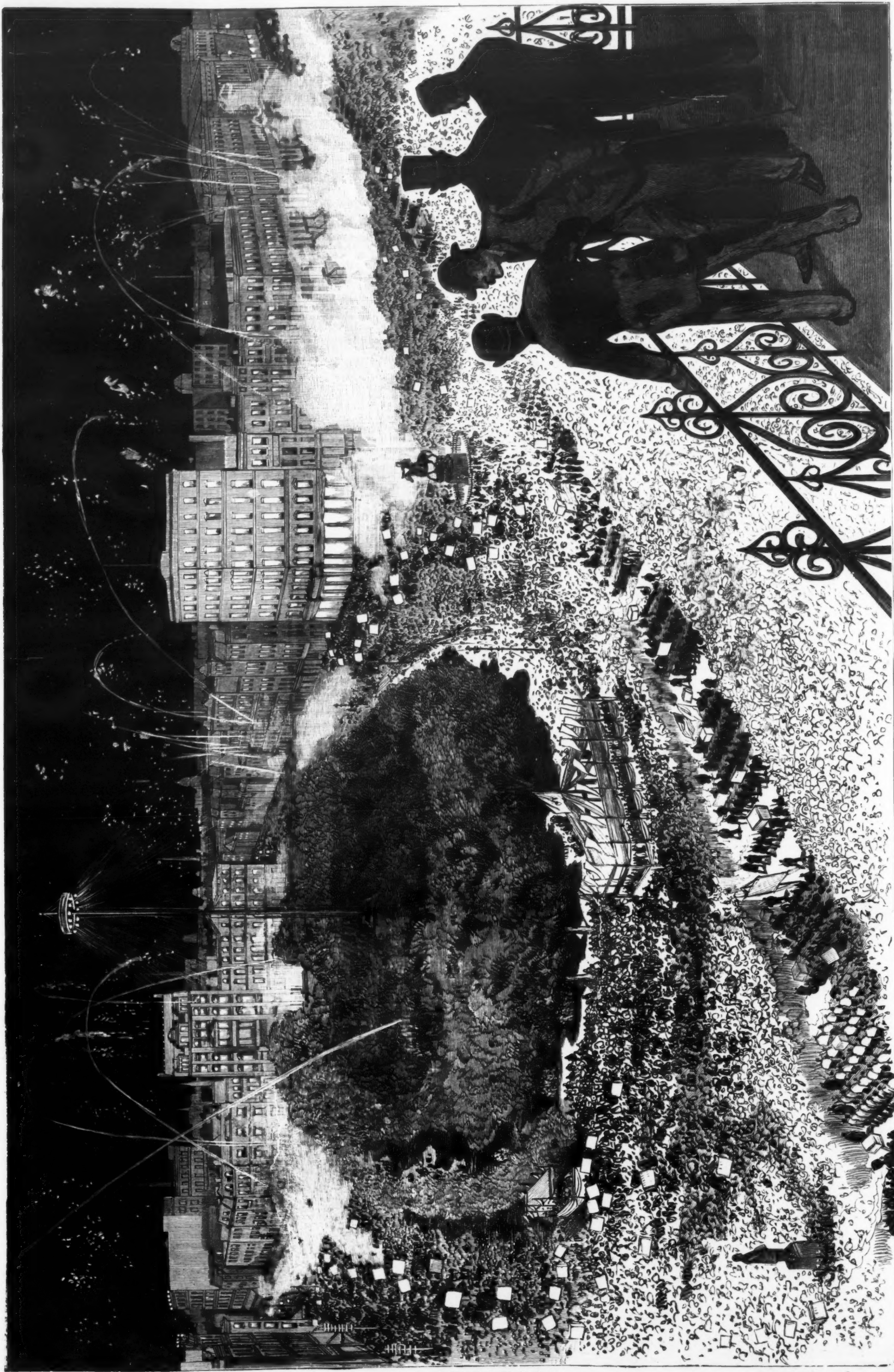
THE pretty American, Ida Teresa Foote, daughter of Captain Foote, of the United States Navy, who, on October 4th, married Lord Montague Paulet, son of the Marquis of Winchester, at St. George's Church, in London, seems to have had some patriotic notions. All the presents she got from her relatives were of American make, and her entire trousseau was a creation of New York skill. The newly-married couple breakfasted at Kensington Palace. The wedding presents were many and costly. Queen Victoria sent an antique diamond bracelet and a gold breakfast service. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a diamond necklace and an India shawl. The couple are spending their honeymoon in the Riviera.

AN interesting feature of a recent Franchise demonstration at Inverness was the weaving of a plaid by the workmen of Holm Mills. It was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone with this dedication:

"This plaid we weave for you, Willie,  
You'll catch nae cauld nor chills  
By wearing this memento  
Frae the weavers of Holm Mills."

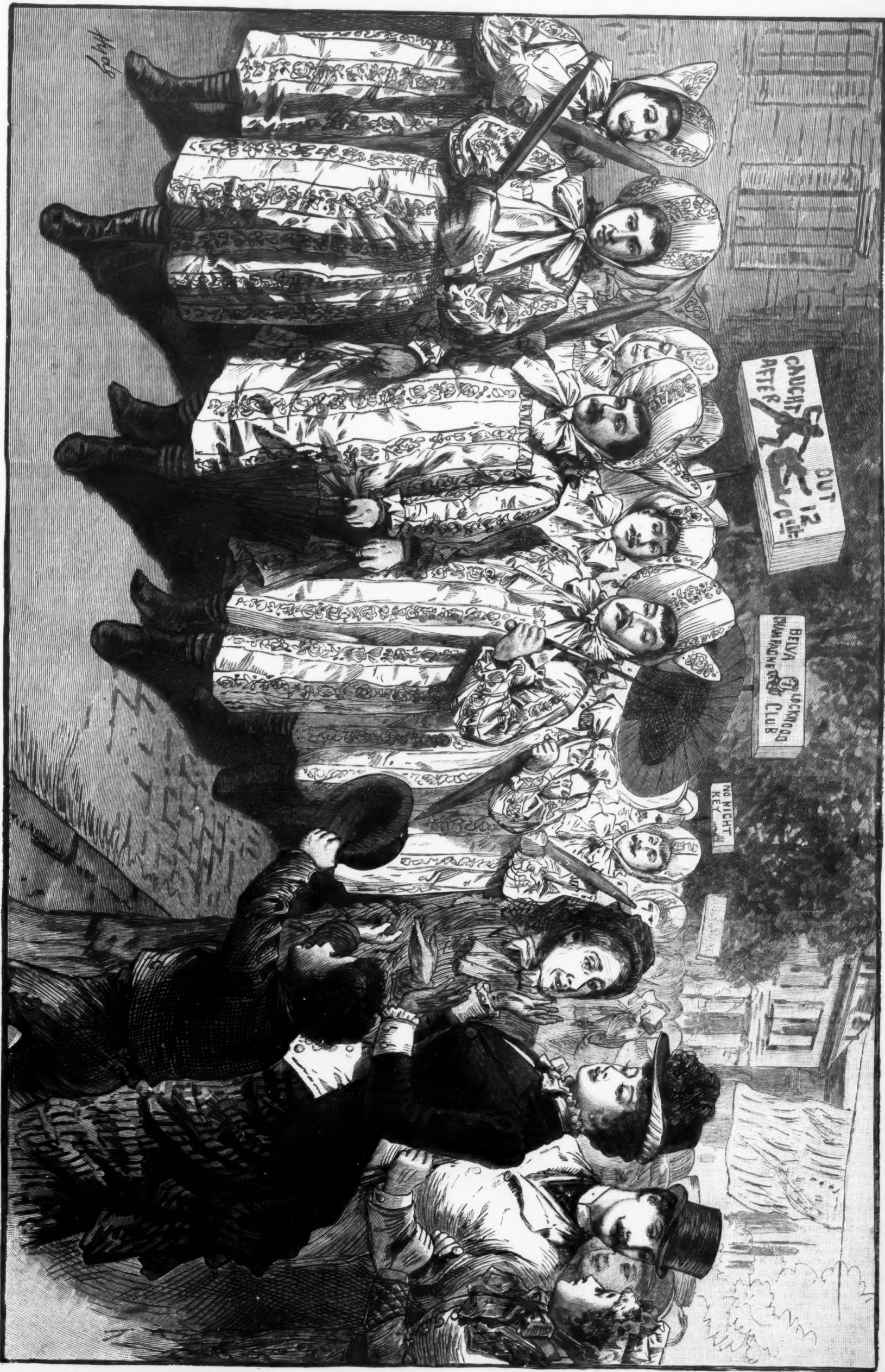
MR. WILSON BARRETT, the actor-manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, is contesting the laurels of Henry Irving, having played *Hamlet* with phenomenal success. A cable dispatch relates that on the first night of Mr. Barrett's appearance in this part in answer to the repeated calls, the actor appeared before the curtain, and said: "My heart is too full to speak, but I would like to tell you a little story. Twenty-five years ago a poor and friendless lad, having paid his last sixpence to sit in the gallery and see Edmund Kean, stood outside the theatre and made a vow that he would one day be manager of the Princess's Theatre and play *Hamlet*. I was that boy!" This pretty little story would read better if the name of Charles Kean were substituted for that of Edmund Kean, as the latter died in 1833—some time, we believe, before Mr. Barrett was born.





NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF THE TAMMANY HALL DEMOCRACY, OCTOBER 21ST—SCENE ON UNION SQUARE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 167.





NEW JERSEY.—THE HUMORS OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—PARADE OF THE BELVA LOCKWOOD CLUB OF THE CITY OF RAHWAY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 171.



## KENNETH, MY KING.

THY marvelous beauty, my blue-eyed boy,  
Shines starry-like through the lurid years,  
Till I flush with the old, fierce, fetterless joy,  
Forgetful of time and tears.

As I saw thee then I can see thee now.  
The passionate love on thy perfect face,  
The golden locks on thy brave, white brow  
Tossed back with a nameless grace;

And holding thy harp in thy slim, white hands—  
Ah! the harp and the hands are but dust to-day,  
I hear the sweeping its silvery strands  
In thy own, wild, peerless way.

Spellbound I listen until it seems  
That I live in the light of thy love once more,  
And revel in all of the strange, sweet dreams  
That never fruition bore.

And my dead hopes rise from their funeral pyres  
As blessed and beautiful as of old,  
And high in my heart spring the sacred fires  
That never were quenched nor cold.

"Oh, Kenneth, my king!" I joyfully cry,  
Stretching my arms to thy vision there  
To clasp it close to my heart—but I  
Clasp only the empty air!

And I waken again to the awful truth,  
As black and bitter as truth can be,  
That heaven was lost in my hapless youth,  
Beloved, in losing thee.

Yet, if unsealing thy coffin-lid  
I could bring thee back with one old, fond kiss  
On thy beautiful face, I would forbid  
Myself the infinite bliss;

For sweeter by far is the dumb, blank rest  
In thy windowless palace beneath the sod,  
Than life in a world where life at best  
Is only a fleeting fraud—

Is only a fugitive sham, where friends  
Clasp hands and sever with sad farewells,  
Where the jubilant bridal or banquet ends  
In the moan of the funeral bells.

WILL H. KERNAN.

THE LOVE AND LOVES  
THAT JACK HAD.

BY PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

## CHAPTER IX.—AT THE FIRE.

THE bells all over the city rang out the dreaded call which told of fire, of wasting property, and of danger to human life. Men and women and children counted the strokes, waiting with bated breath and anxious faces, eager to catch the number of the box from which the alarm came, that they might know how near fate stood to their friends or their money. The city had not forgotten the experience of a little more than a year ago—the fiery scourge of destruction and desolation, and death, which fell so suddenly in November, 1872.

The engines dashed along the streets; the motley and varied crowd gathered; the flames from the burning building lit up the sky. Dark night seemed to settle down all the darker outside the narrow space where the fearful gleams of the firelight fell.

The firemen were everywhere about the fire; on the roof; at the windows; clinging like flies to their slender ladders at dizzy heights; in the doorways; in the lower halls. They were not on the upper floors, for the fire raged like a furnace there, and the whisper had gone about among them that the upper floors were not quite safe.

Outside the army of toiling firemen was the living wall of the police, a barrier against which the great crowd in the streets beat and pressed as vainly as the waves beat the barrier crags of ocean.

Outside the line of police was—who can say who was or who was not there? A half dozen men and a woman, with a child or two—waifs of the tenement-houses of the great city—when the first alarm was striking; a dozen here, a score there, a jam on the corner, through which the strongest man could not have found his way; a hundred now where a minute ago there were none; a babel of voices; a sea of upturned faces; every street full, from curbstone to curbstone; every window and doorway occupied, and the fire not a quarter of an hour old. Thus the crowd grew. Don't ask me who was there. It would be an easier task to tell who was not.

And through the crowd, past the police, among the firemen, freely as the wind blows or the waters flow, everywhere—everywhere that the most privileged could go—everywhere that the most venturesome would dare go—went those brave, hardworking, keen and active men—the reporters.

Who was not there, do you ask? I haven't forgotten that.

Jack Truman was not there. He went to Washington that morning on business connected with an improved machine on which he had a patent pending. When he bade Paul farewell he told him that he should come back a rich man. It is to be hoped that his dream will come true—that all his dreams will come true, indeed.

Paul Burlan was not there. Poor Paul! Fate seems against him. He hasn't had the chance in this little drama of life that his good heart and his strong brain would seem to entitle him to. I must ask the kind reader to do what Paul did—wait until that very excellent young man's leg gets well, and then see what he'll do.

Stella Burlan was at home, trying to frame answers to two letters lying open before her; trying to make one man's sorrow, since it must, perforce, be sorrow, as little as possible, and another's happiness as full and perfect as her love may make it; trying to answer the most serious questions

that ever come to woman to answer; trying to say "No" kindly, and "Yes" modestly.

Jim Bunker was not there. You remember that he drifted out to sea one night, and that his eyes stared up at the sky, unmindful whether the stars smiled down or the tempest beat over him. He was not there.

Poor Maggie was not there. It was more than a week since she went down the great stone steps from St. Aubyn's mansion. God only knows where she was that night—God and Rupert St. Aubyn's wife.

The man Jack followed the night he found Stella Burlan was not there; not when the fire began. But by the time the crowd had gathered he was pushing and crowding and fighting his way through it towards the fire; always towards the fire. And he was succeeding better than you would have guessed.

It has always been so, and it always will be, not only at fires, but in business and in politics and in love and in war, the crowd distinguishes, and distinguishes to an extent that makes all the difference between success and failure, between the man who would like to go and the man who is going. The man who found Stella Burlan for Jack was going to the fire.

Rupert St. Aubyn—  
"I say," said a newsboy, in a shrill voice, "I seen Mr. St. Aubyn go up to his office an hour ago, and he hasn't come down."

"There's a man inside!" said a half dozen who stood close to the boy. "A man inside!" "A man inside!" "A man inside!" was repeated in ever widening circles through the crowd, until some one, with dull ears, or a vivid imagination, started the cry, "There are two men in the building yet!" And that statement spread out into the crowd and the night.

"What's the matter? Has the roof fallen in?" asked an eager searcher for knowledge, far out in the crowd among the deep shadows. "The roof has gone in!" "The roof has gone in!" swept on to the ragged outskirts of the mass of waiting, wondering, sensation-loving humanity. Then, like as the echo of the shout in the mountains comes drifting back, or as the wave which runs up to the shore runs down to the sea again to tell of the reef it broke asunder over, so the story drifted back until those nearest the line of police were telling that the roof had fallen in, and were gravely asserting that the number of dead was all the way from four to forty, according to the places they held in the line.

Meantime, a young man, scarcely more than a mere boy, had stepped out from the crowd, and had started towards the outer door of the building.

"The firemen will save him!" "The police will get him out!" "No one can help him!" "Why don't he come out himself?" He must be dead by this time. These were some of the remarks, wise, and otherwise, which the action of this young man called forth.

But he gave heed to none. He looked up at the flame-covered roof; he peered up the smoke-lined stairway; he said a prayer that his dear dead mother had taught him; he thought, with a passionate tenderness, of the lame sister for whom he worked early and late, denying himself comforts that she might have luxuries.

Then he sprang in at the door and dashed up the stairs. Not for love for St. Aubyn; he had never seen him. Not for fame; its baneful shadow had never fallen across his young life. Not to meet death; for life was sweet, and his sister needed his work and his kind and patient words. I honor the young man for going, and I honor his reason; St. Aubyn was rich; he was poor; he loved his sister; he hoped for reward; it may be out of accord with what we love to think, but it was natural, and I say again that I honor him for it.

A man came crowding and pushing his way down to the very front of the great concourse of spectators, and stepped boldly forward to the barrier which the police made. A very white face it was that he had, and it looked sad and careworn—an old man evidently, but strong and vigorous yet.

There was a policeman near him who had been on the force for years. It had been his duty to stand near this building, Winter and Summer, storm and sunshine, more years ago than a man who loves life and clings to it always cares to think back to.

This officer started forward. But suddenly his face grew deadly white, and he shrank back against the wall, raising his hands with a gesture of mute appeal. It was only for a few seconds. But it was enough. The sad-looking old man went past him with a noiseless step, without a glance to right or left, and the brave boy and the old man went into the broad front door together.

Neither spoke to the other. Up one flight of stairs they were side by side. The boy knew he had taken his life in his hand; he was young and strong and quick; he would waste no time; but he found to his surprise and despair that the old man was actually gaining on him on the second flight. And the boy was left hopelessly behind on the third flight.

The old man seemed familiar with the rooms and halls. He never hesitated; he retraced no steps. The brands falling through great holes in the ceiling from the blazing floor above would have been an incentive to any one to lose no time; the flames creeping down the walls waved out a fearful warning; and he certainly lost no time.

There was a closed door, with a bright tin sign with the name "RUPERT ST. AUBYN" on it, close at his left hand as he went by. And he gathered his coat closer about him as he passed, as though there were contamination in the gaudy letters.

The next door was open. There had been "BURLAN & ST. AUBYN" painted in black letters upon it once upon a time, and the names still

showed slightly through the white paint which had since been spread over them.

But the old man did not even glance at the door. He was evidently thoroughly at home. He went in at once.

There was an open door between this rear room and the front room, whose outside door he had just passed. But he never gave it a glance. There was too much smoke in the room to be pleasant already, and he had to grope a bit to find his way. His breath came hot and quick, and for the first time that night he seemed to hesitate. There was so much depending on the next five minutes or less: home, honor, life, death—everything! And in thirty seconds he—the space against the wall was vacant!—no, it was only the smoke that had blinded and deceived him; there was a great safe there, just where he had expected to find it. He staggered forward. The next moment he was on his knees, thanking God for his goodness, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He had risked his life, deliberately and knowingly on a slender chance—a very slender chance. And he had won. *The safe was open!*

When the old man laid his hand on the handle of the door of the rear room, coming out, the young man laid his on the knob of the front room door, going in. And he went in and closed the door behind him.

Down the stairs the old man ran. Down the stairs, a flight and a half behind him, came the brave boy, with a heavy and senseless burden.

Out dashed the old man past the policeman who had let him go in, and who shrank back from him again with a look of terror on his face. It was hard to get inside the line, but if one had a right inside he might go freely out. No one questioned the old man—no one even thought of doing so.

The fresh air revived St. Aubyn as soon as it reached him, and he walked out of the burning building, only leaning heavily on the boy, who had carried him nearly all the way.

Sixty short seconds after St. Aubyn and his rescuer came out, the crowd knew they had been wrong before, because they were right then. The roof did go crashing in.

"Do you lose much?" asked a reporter, pressing up to St. Aubyn.

"Everything I had there. I think I must have overworked lately, for I fell asleep at my desk. It was too late to save anything. And my safe was wide open."

"Your papers will be a serious loss?" asked the sympathetic reporter.

"I don't know," said St. Aubyn, wearily, passing his hand across his forehead; "it's rather a relief to have some of them gone."

The reporter drew back, and he published nothing of his interview with St. Aubyn in his paper the next morning. He only said that his narrow escape had left him dazed and flighty.

"You look as though you'd seen a ghost, St. Aubyn," said a gentleman who had an office in the next building.

St. Aubyn shuddered.

"I did see a ghost," he said, with evident sincerity; "I awoke with a start from a dream of a fire, caused, I suppose, by the noise and confusion which belonged with the real fire outside, and there was a ghost passing the door between the outer and the inner room. I could not be mistaken. It had a dead man's face. A face that I saw dead months ago, and hundreds of miles away."

He shuddered again. The old policeman, who had crowded forward, said nothing, but he shuddered, too.

"I should have got out without help if it had not been for that," St. Aubyn continued. "I think I fainted then. And I knew no more until I felt the fresh air on my face."

"Pshaw," said the gentleman; "you were only dreaming. You are not awake yet."

"I was not dreaming. It was a ghost with the face of a dead man that I saw."

The policeman, a little apart from them, nodded his head approvingly.

St. Aubyn handed something to the boy who had saved his life, and was helped to a carriage which had been brought for him. Complimentary remarks followed him, remarks of sorrow on the loss of his papers, remarks of congratulation on the valuable life saved.

The boy held something up before the eyes of some of his friends who had crowded close to him.

*It was a one dollar bill!*

He tore it in two, let the pieces fall to the earth, and set his heel upon them.

"Perhaps it was all his life was worth," he said, bitterly.

"A ghost," said the policeman to himself; "he was right about that. A ghost with the face of a dead man—and with a tin box!"

## CHAPTER X.—AFTER THE FIRE.

THE old man fought his way back through the crowd, but with less of resolution and aggressiveness than he had manifested before. His head was bent forward upon his breast. His hands trembled. There was doubt written on his face.

No ghost. No denizen of another world. No weary and wretched wanderer from the voiceless and viewless shores of "No man's land." Only an old man—a weak old man; an old man with the terrible agony of suspense shining in his eyes; an old man from whom the first fierce exultation of success had drifted away, down the dark wind of night; only an old man who had nothing left of good or joy or honor in all the wide world, unless this night had been a success; a man with more than half a belief that he had failed.

He hurried along the streets, deserted for the most part, for the fire was not yet fully conquered, and had not released the lookers-on from its strange magnetic power, and he clutched the tin

box as jealously as a miser might have held his gold. An officer or two looked at him with a half suspicion that there was something wrong, but no one stopped him; no one tried. I can scarcely guess what would have happened if any one had.

To-night there was no hesitation. He did not go up one street and down another; he did not turn and double and dodge, as a man might who tried to throw off pursuit, or test its persistence and loyalty. He lost no time. He lost no space. By the most direct way possible—a way more direct than any stranger could possibly have taken—he went straight to the house before whose lighted window he had stopped the night when he led Jack his long chase. But this time he did not pause in the street; he walked directly up the steps to the front door. The door was not yet locked. He did not ring the bell. He opened it, and went in.

Still there was no pause. Still the old man seemed unperplexed. He walked directly up the stairs.

He moved noiselessly along the hall; he paused before a certain door; he drew a long breath; he listened; his hand trembled on the doorknob; his lips moved, almost breathlessly; he was praying.

"I shall know in an hour," he muttered, with a long, sobbing sigh—"I shall know in an hour. Paul is a great lawyer, so every one says, and Paul will know. Only, if he should have to tell me that I have failed, I think it would kill him. Words may hurt more than bullets; I know it would kill me!"

He opened the door of Paul's bedroom and went in.

The night-lamp burned low. Paul was sleeping. His face showed something of what he had suffered. But it was as pure and good and frank as it had been in the days of his boyhood. The tears came into the old man's eyes, and rolled silently down his wasted cheeks.

"If I have failed," he muttered, miserably, "I would to God I had not come here."

Paul turned uneasily on his pillow; he moaned as though in pain; his eyes slowly opened, and he looked up into the face of his midnight visitor with the doubting gaze which comes between dream and reality.

Then a sudden recognition transfigured his face, and he caught the old man's hand in both of his and clung to it as though he would never let him go.

It was just coming daylight when the old man went down the steps of the Burlan mansion, and out into the street. The same old man that went in at midnight. But you'd scarcely have known him. His head was erect; his eye was clear; there was a healthy color in his cheek. He was saying over and over again the last words Paul had spoken to him, "I'll be all right, all right; it needs only courage and time and money."

"Courage, time, money." Keys to all the good and success and power in this world! And Paul had said that they had needed nothing more. The old man had hard work to keep from dancing a few steps on the sidewalk, much as it would have detracted from his dignity. Even wicked and nervous Rupert St. Aubyn would scarcely have taken him for a ghost in the morning twilight; I have a strong belief that ghosts seldom dance—or show in their shadowy faces that they want to.

And Paul, up-stairs in his room, was crying like a woman. I think his physician would have been seriously worried, could he have seen him there; I know he was astonished next day at the wonderful improvement which had taken place in his patient's condition.

Paul kept his own counsel; but if any young friend of his should ever study medicine he is thinking of giving him a point or two regarding the use of the joy-cure in treating broken legs.

The physician came and went. He left orders that Paul should rest, of course, and that there should be nothing of an exciting nature come near him.

"His rest last night has done him more good than I dared hope. Perfect quiet, sound sleep, an easy mind; these will bring him through all right, and in a very short time. They have done much already."

Let us not blame the doctor. He was right. Only, a wiser than he had said something that the doctor had either left out of his practice or forgotten altogether. "Circumstances alter cases."

The doctor had been gone just ten minutes. Stella had kissed her brother tenderly, and she, too, had left the house.

Tom knocked at the door, and came in.

"There's a lady down-stairs, sir, who says she must see you."

"That isn't possible, Tom; tell her that my clients will all have to employ other counsel for a time. I can see no one."

Tom went away promptly. He came back in a doubting mood.

"She says she must see you," he said, and his eyes looked the apology for not getting rid of her, that he didn't put into words; "and she looks dreadful desperate."

"Desperate? Like a woman who wants to get married, and can't?"

Tom looked puzzled at his master's mood, but he shook his head.

"Perhaps like a woman who has got married, and wants a lawyer to tell her how to get out of the fix she's in."

Tom's eyes opened wider yet; but he shook his head again.

"Do you know her?"

"No, sir."

"Ever see her before?"

"Never."

"Look here, Tom," said Paul, in a jolly tone.

"You've been a lawyer's man long enough to begin to study character in the faces of clients."



"Yes, sir," said Tom, almost as readily as he would if he had believed that Paul really meant what he was saying.

"Some one said once that his three most troublesome clients were a young woman who wanted to be married, an old woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she did want."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, wondering whether the doctor gave much opium, and stealing a glance at the bottle of brandy on the table, in an effort to determine whether Paul had helped himself to more than had been ordered.

"I've forgotten who said it," continued Paul; "but he knew woman-nature, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," agreed Tom, mentally asking forgiveness for lying.

"Matrimony's always at the bottom, Tom, always at the bottom. Now, on your reputation as an observing man, tell me how you think matrimony has struck her."

"I think," began Tom, and stopped.

"Out with it. In two words, what do you think?"

"Married, deserted!" said Tom.

"Heaven forgive me," said Paul, gravely. "I mustn't let joy throw me out of balance. Straighten the bedclothes, Tom. Move the table back a little. Put the chairs against the wall. Place the rocking-chair near the fire. Thank you, Tom, that is pleasant. Now show the lady up."

A minute later she entered the room.

(To be continued.)

#### A BELVA LOCKWOOD CLUB.

IT is the custom in every city and town of the United States, as election day approaches, to organize torchlight parades for the purpose of impressing upon an admiring world the resources of campaign clubs and the glory of the respective candidates. The streets for the past month have been alive with Blaine processions, Cleveland processions, and even Butler processions; but it seems to us that the women's candidate, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, has been unaccountably neglected—especially when the picturesque possibilities of a female torchlight procession are considered. But the fair sex do not like to set the example of staying out late at night; and, moreover, the bolt from the Lockwood ticket, headed by Mrs. Myra Clarke Gains, may be more serious than is generally supposed.

In this state of affairs, the young men of Rahway, N. J., have come gallantly to the front. They have formed a Belva Lockwood Club, numbering over one hundred members. Their uniform is appropriate and tasteful, consisting of a poke bonnet, a Mother Hubbard dress, and—excuse us!—striped stockings. Captain Chamberlain wears a shirred demi-train and fur-lined dolman. Each member carries a Japanese parasol. The association displays several lovely banners, all silk, with fine platings of *crêpe de Chine*, and bearing the embroidered mottoes, "Belva and Reform," and "No Night-keys." It was at first suggested that the members should parade on tricycles; but the proposition was voted down, as involving a needless expenditure of funds required for more important legitimate expenses of the campaign. A parade of the Belva Lockwood Club down the main street of Rahway is a sight which, once seen, is never to be forgotten. Witness our illustration.

#### THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY.

THIS young but flourishing institution—which filled a long needed want in the upper portion of the city by offering facilities for the transaction of all branches of business ordinarily connected with trust companies, and which only opened its offices at No. 234 Fifth Avenue, corner Twenty-seventh St., in July last—has shown characteristic energy in the completion of one of the finest fire and burglar-proof vaults yet turned out of the manufactory of those eminent builders, Messrs. Herring & Co. It has been constructed not only for the use of the company itself, but also for the accommodation of their constituents and residents in the vicinity, who can hire boxes of varying sizes on moderate terms for the safe keeping of securities, jewelry, etc., as in any safe deposit company, with the usual coupon-rooms for handling the same with perfect privacy. The vault in which these safe deposit boxes are placed stands on a solid masonry foundation, constructed under the supervision of Mr. R. H. Robertson, the architect of several of the most prominent churches and other noted structures in this city, which is entirely independent of the walls of the building occupied by the company, so that if the entire block in which it is situated was destroyed, it would not be seriously damaged.

The outside dimensions of the vault are: 16 feet 6 inches wide, by 9 feet 3 inches deep, and 9 feet 3 inches high, with wrought-iron girders over the top to additionally protect it; the vault lining is 2½ inches thick on top, bottom, sides and ends, composed of 5 alternate plates of ½ inch each, 5-ply welded iron and steel and wrought-iron, between which and outer casing of boiler iron are 6 inches of the best known fire-proof material, thus completely enveloping the vault on all sides. The inner and outer doors are 2½ and 4 inches thick, respectively, and made of 6 and 7 plates of 5-ply high and low steel, welded and tempered drill-proof, and "Franklinite iron," cast with ¼-inch wrought-iron rods in it—"Franklinite" being the only metal which is absolutely secure against the compound blow-pipe and drill used by burglars. There are 24 train-bolts from 1½ to 2 inches diameter, which shoot from the top, bottom and sides when locked, and the grooves of the doors are packed with indiarubber tubing, giving the only protection against the air-pump, which is one of the most dangerous tools in the hands of cracksmen. The bolts are held by "Herring's Improved Double Dial Dexter Combination Bank Locks," two of which are on each door and so arranged that one or both may be required to release them, as pre-determined. In addition to these a time-lock is on the outer door, which prevents its being opened until such an hour as may be selected. The strength of the structure will be more fully appreciated when it is stated that the outer door alone weighs nearly four tons, and yet is so delicately and beautifully poised and balanced that it can be handled by a child, while the polish and ornamentation on the steel bolts make it a work of art. The front is ornamented by a heavy covering of iron at the base, representing antique

bronze, with plates above of the same material, in imitation of hammered brass, surrounded by a cornice and railing to correspond with the "dado," the whole supported by pillars with capitals, thus forming a most tasteful and rich "ensemble," while additional protection is afforded by a massive iron railing, which guards from intruders the entire space occupied by the vault.

Situated as the Knickerbocker Trust Company is, in the midst of the large retail trade, wealthy residents and principal hotels of the city, not only permanent citizens, but visitors for a few weeks or months, especially ladies, will find it a most convenient place to deposit their trust or other funds, as well as securities and jewelry, and at the same time secure interest on their deposits, as is explained by the advertisement in another column. The latter also furnishes a list of the officers and directors, while among the stockholders are some of the most prominent and influential men in the city, including J. Pierpont Morgan, Edward Cooper, George Henry Warren, William R. Travers, A. S. Hewitt, W. K. Vanderbilt, W. Y. Mortimer, John W. George, Samuel D. Babcock, Moses Lazarus, John J. Townsend, James L. Breese, Peter Moller, Jr., George Garr, A. Depau Moran, Isaac P. Smith, William H. Hays, Benjamin L. Swan, Jr., C. L. Tiffany, John De Koven, James T. Woodward, E. K. Willard, N. S. Jones, Alexander Mitchell, J. Amory Hodges, William Woodward, Jr., Henry W. Oliver, Jr., C. J. Langdon, the Hon. Ira Davenport, William Marshall, Stephen H. Herriman, Walter C. Tuckerman and J. Townsend Burden.

#### NEW HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE Asylum of the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society of New York, which was dedicated with appropriate services on the 23d instant, is in every respect one of the finest institutions of the kind in the country. The buildings stand on a tract of land bounded by Tenth Avenue, Broadway, 136th and 138th Streets, and comprise about one hundred and thirty-six full city lots. The main building is a very large and handsome structure, on one of the highest points of the island, commanding a magnificent view for miles around. The main building has a frontage of 280 feet, and the total depth through the centre of this building and including the dining-room extension is 295 feet. It is built of pressed brick, with massive stone trimmings, and the facade is relieved by projecting balconies and cornices, and surmounted with a handsome French roof, with a clock tower in the centre. The main entrance has a broad and massive portico of brown stone, with outer and inner doors of heavy oak. The grand vestibule and main hall are spacious, and are artistically tiled and wainscoted and trimmed with oak. The dormitories are models of neatness and comfort, and throughout the building every modern improvement has been made use of. The building will accommodate more than 1,000 orphans. The entire cost of the site and buildings was \$600,000.

The dedicatory exercises consisted of addresses by Jesse Seligman, Lazarus Rosenfeld, Rev. Dr. Kohler, Judge Noah Davis, Mayor Edson, and others, the programme being relieved by singing by the children of the asylum and other music.

#### THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

WE give on page 173 a view of Kelung, the Chinese town and port on the north coast of the Island of Formosa, recently captured by the French. Kelung is a place of little commercial importance, but has some trade with the opposite coast of China, about Foo-chow. There are coal-mines at a short distance from the town, which are worked by the Chinese, but the coal is unsuitable for steamers. Sulphur also is found in a neighboring valley. Not far southwest of Kelung is the port of Tamsui, which the French have now occupied. Its harbor is better than the others at the northern extremity of the island, and it has a larger export trade of rice, tea, hemp and jute, and grass-cloth fabric, sent to the nearest Chinese ports. There is an old Dutch fort on the hill, long since deserted. At the latest advices, the French troops at Kelung were building block-houses with a view of strengthening the positions they have occupied, but their work was much impeded by bad weather.

#### THE INCREASED LONGEVITY OF MEN.

A WRITER in the *Cornhill Magazine* says: "The stage to which we have at present attained may be stated as thus: Compared with the period of 1838-1854 (the earliest for which there are trustworthy records) the average of a man's life is now 41.9 years, instead of 39.9, and a woman's 45.3, instead of 42.9 years, an addition of eight per cent. to the female life and five per cent. to the male. Of each thousand males born at the present day, forty-four more will attain the age of thirty-five than used to be the case previous to 1871. For the whole of life the estimate is now that of 1,000 persons (one-half males and one-half females) 35 survive at the age of forty-five, 26 at fifty-five, 9 at sixty-five, 3 at seventy-five, and 1 at eighty-five."

To put the case in another way, every thousand persons born since 1870 will live about 2,700 years longer than before. In other words, the life of a thousand persons is now equal in duration to that of 1,070 persons previously, and 1,000 births will now keep up the growth of our population as well as 1,070 births used to do. This is equivalent in result to an increase of our population, and in the best form, viz., not by more births, but by fewer deaths, which means fewer maladies and better health. What is more, nearly seventy per cent. of this increase of life takes place (or is lived) in the "useful period," namely—between the ages of twenty and sixty. Thus, of the 2,700 additional years lived by each thousand of our population, seventy per cent., or 1,890 years, will be a direct addition to the working power of our people.

"It is to be remembered that there might be a great addition to the births in a country with little addition to the national working power—namely, with an actual reduction of the national wealth and prosperity—seeing that, regarded as 'economic agents,' children are simply a source of expense, and so also are a majority of the elderly who have passed the age of three-score. On the other hand, as already said, only one-quarter of the longer or additional life now enjoyed by our people is passed in the useless periods of childhood and an old age, and more than one-third of it is lived at ages when life is in its highest vigor, and most productive alike of wealth and enjoyment."

THE Persians use asafetida as a condiment with their food.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. PIERRE PICARD considers the sun-spots as aërolites which have fallen into the sun, and which preserve on its incandescent surface the spheroidal state during the entire duration of the spot.

M. C. FIEVEZ, of the Royal Observatory of Brussels, contends that the temperature of sun-spots is higher than that of the sun's disc, since the spectral rays of the former are broader than those of the latter.

A GERMAN test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting-needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

ACCORDING to *Science*, the decrease of the forests in the Russian provinces of Moscow and Nishni-Novgorod has been attended by a deterioration of climate and a diminution of fertility. The Moscow Government used to be rich in fruit trees, but apples and cherries have now greatly fallen off in number, whilst pears have wholly disappeared.

A MR. THOMAS BAYLEY proposes, in place of cremation, to place the bodies, loosely wrapped in cotton-wool, on shelves in catacombs exposed to currents of cold air, dried by passing over calcium chloride. The fumes are to be passed through furnaces into the sewers. This scheme is far inferior to cremation, as being evidently much more costly, and as taking up room almost as much as burial.

HEER CHRISTIANI, of Berlin, has discovered in the brain the centre of co-ordination, that is, a defined spot, the integrity of which is essential to the co-ordination necessary for locomotion, and for the maintenance of equilibrium during sitting and standing. Its destruction involves immediate and permanent abolition of the normal use of the limbs. It is situated in front of the inspiratory centre of the third ventricle.

WE have referred to the formation of a syndicate of New York and Pennsylvania for the purpose of experimenting and controlling a new process of manufacturing steel which is to compete with the Bessemer or English process, and which it is expected will take the place of forged or rolled iron in the manufacture of different articles. Mr. James Henderson, the patentee, claims that he can manufacture steel much cheaper than it is done at present. It is also said that in rolling this steel from the ingots no blisters form, as is often the case in rolling iron, and that in this respect, as well as the quality and character of the metal, it is better. The "Henderson" is an open hearth steel, while the Bessemer is not. Mr. Henderson has been experimenting in his steel furnace at Bellefonte, Penn., during the past year, but it was only recently that steel blooms were sent to the different members of the syndicate to use in experimenting in the manufacture of different articles for which forged and rolled iron has been heretofore used. This new kind of steel is said to be more pliable and more easily worked than the Bessemer steel, while it is as tough, and the expectation is that it will take the place of hammered and rolled iron altogether.

THE International Meridian Conference has decided that the universal day shall begin at mean midnight and shall be counted from zero up to twenty-four hours. The Conference also adopted a motion offered by Professor Janssen expressing the hope that the technical studies to regulate and extend the application of the decimal system to the divisions of the circle and of time shall be resumed, so as to permit the extension of this application to all cases where it presents real advantages.

As to position in writing, a German professor maintains that, while the normal distance between the eyes and the desk ought to be twenty-five centimetres (approximately ten inches), it is but rarely that this distance is actually observed, in very many instances no more than seven centimetres (2.75 inches) being permitted. From this close application of the head to the desk, and the circumstance that in most cases the body in writing is twisted to the right, thereby causing an elevation of the right shoulder, a curvature of the spine (developed to from thirty to forty per cent. among girls) is not infrequently brought about. It was further remarked that of the children examined only ten per cent. were naturally short-sighted, and that, as among wild races, defective vision is a matter of great rarity, the trouble in question was a product of modern civilization and the existing system of class-teaching.

HUXLEY gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beef-steak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains; and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent.; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours, and his total loss during the 24 hours would be 6 pounds of water, and a little above 2 pounds of other matter.

Mr. Edison has been experimenting with a new electrical contrivance, of which he gives the following description: "Two platinum wires are introduced into a glass tube, one at each end, the ends remaining a short distance apart, and, after the hollow space has been almost entirely filled with water, the ends of the tube are soldered up. A dynamo-machine is then attached to the wires, and the force being applied, the water decomposes into oxygen and hydrogen, and a tremendous pressure is brought to bear against the sides of the tube. When the tube breaks, the water flashes into gas just as nitro-glycerine does, and its expansion is about as great. This explosive is portable, cheap and safe, since the glass tube is absolutely non-explosive until the wires are connected with the dynamo. It can be used instead of a charge of powder in a cannon, it is admirably adapted for blasting purposes, or might be applied in a torpedo. You can put a tube away under ground, and after connecting the platinum wires with a little battery, regulate the current so that it would explode in a day, a year, or even ten years."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A POSTAL convention has been concluded between the United States and Mexico.

THE Supreme Court of Georgia has declared speculating in "futures" illegal and obligations thus contracted void.

DRINKING habits increase so much in Germany that in many places there is a liquor-shop to every thirty-one inhabitants. In Hamburg the proportion reaches one to seventy-one, and in Berlin one to every 11.6 persons.

CONSERVATIVE opponents of the proposed franchise and redistribution schemes in Ireland insist that they would increase the Irish voting population by more than 200 per cent.—that is, from 230,000 to about 500,000.

A "CONVICTS' TAVERN" will shortly be opened in Paris as a rival in eccentricity to the mediæval and Japanese restaurants lately introduced. The café is to be fitted up after the style of the hulks, and the waiters will wear convict dress.

THE cholera epidemic at Naples is causing a most distressing state of affairs among the musical profession. The greater part of the professors are without pupils, executors have nothing to do, theatres are closed, the churches have suspended their festivals, and music, even of the humblest kind, is silenced. Consequently many artists are suffering from actual want. Several musicians have succumbed to the epidemic.

THE official returns of the West Virginia election show a Republican gain of over 8,000. The Senate will be a tie—a Republican gain of four. The House will stand thirty-five Democrats and thirty-one Republicans—a Republican gain of ten. The same party secures control of the local administration of several counties heretofore Democratic. This disintegration of the "solid" Democratic ascendancy in the State cannot but tend to good results. A division of political responsibility is the best safeguard and guarantee of good government.

SUNDAY theatricals are tolerated by law in five of the principal cities of the United States. They are San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and Chicago. There are eleven regular theatres in Chicago, to say nothing of museums, panoramas, concert-halls and other resorts. If there is any difference to be found in them on Sunday nights it is that the lights are brighter and the fun more uproarious. It is the custom to give during the week eight performances, and with Sunday night it runs up to nine. In some theatres a matinee is given on Sunday afternoon.

THE enterprising proprietor of a New York city liquor saloon has at last introduced genuine English barmaids. It has been a long-threatened innovation. The girls have been at work now for a week or so, and the result is so satisfactory that it is said that the custom will be generally followed in the Broadway places up-town. Four regular professional English barmaids were imported for the purpose. They are all square-shouldered, erect and pleasant women, who smile upon the customers with discrimination, and who know nothing about American drinks.

AS soon as it became known that the duties on opium imports were to be increased from \$6 to \$10 a pound, the dealers of San Francisco brought in several millions worth of the drug, and, as the supply exceeded the demand, it had to be stored away in various banks and warehouses. Recently, that which came in under the old rate was nearly exhausted, and the first shipment under the new, consisting of 131 cases, netted the Government, in the way of duties, \$65,000. This may give the public some idea of the extent the habit of eating and smoking the deadly drug has gained upon the people in this country.

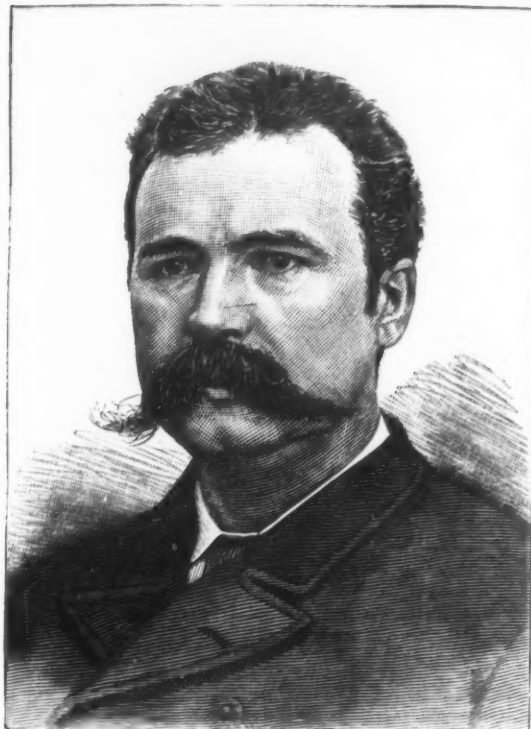
A SYSTEM of compulsory insurance is to be inaugurated in Germany December 1st, under which the benefits to be derived by the sick or disabled workmen are gratuitous medical attendance, medicines, and appliances, and after the third day a money allowance equal to half the daily wages, so long as it does not exceed seventy-five cents per day for thirteen weeks. In case of death, a burial allowance will be made amounting to twenty times the daily average wages in the locality. It is expected that the local authorities throughout the Empire will give hearty co-operation to the scheme, as its effect will be to keep down pauperism.

NEARLY one-half of the town of Carthage, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on the 20th instant, the burned district covering over seventy acres of ground. In all 220 buildings of every description were destroyed, including twenty shops, stores, manufactories and mills, the Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Church of the Disciples Churches, two large school-houses, the opera-house, town-hall, engine-house, the parsonages of all the burned churches, and 106 dwellings and tenement-houses, thus rendering 122 families homeless, many of them without a place to lay their heads. A bureau of charity has been organized for the relief of the sufferers.

AS appreciation of the warm friendship existing between Siam and the United States, and of Minister Haldeman's faithful enforcement of treaty obligations, the King of Siam has presented to the American Government buildings and grounds at Bangkok, all complete, for the United States legation. It is said that the gift was offered personally to the Minister, but he did not feel at liberty to receive it except on behalf of his Government, which he has done. Some time ago the United States Government sent a medal and presents to the Rajah of Tuluban, in the Malay peninsula, in acknowledgment of his kindness to the crew of an American ship wrecked on his coast. The Rajah has just sent to the President of the United States two handsome Malay spears and a Malay kris as tokens of his friendship.

THE report of Commander W. S. Schley of the Greely Relief Expedition, has been submitted to the Secretary of the Navy. It tells the well-known story of the voyage of the relief ships and the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his surviving companions, in detail, repeating the facts which the newspapers long ago made familiar to the public. In regard to the condition of the bodies of those who had died, he says: "In preparing the bodies of the dead for transportation in alcohol to St. Johns, it was found that six of them, Lieutenant Kinsbury, Sergeants Jewell and Ralston, and Privates Whistler, Henry and Ellis, had been cut and the fleshy parts removed to a greater or less extent. All the other bodies were found intact." Speaking of the difficulties and dangers which beset the relief ships, he says that in the effort to reach the Greely party, "the struggle with ice was constant and furious for 1,300 miles." The cost of the expedition was about \$750,000.





PATRICK B. DELANY, INVENTOR OF THE SYSTEM OF SYNCHRONOUS MULTIPLEX TELEGRAPHY.  
PHOTO. BY TAYLOR.

PATRICK BERNARD DELANY,  
INVENTOR OF THE SYSTEM OF SYNCHRONOUS  
MULTIPLEX TELEGRAPHY.

PATRICK BERNARD DELANY, who has become conspicuous in connection with the development of telegraphy, was born in Kings County, Ireland, and is now in his thirty-ninth year. He came to this country at the age of ten, and at thirteen years of age entered the telegraph office at Hartford, Conn., as a messenger-boy. He learned to operate the House and Hughes printing telegraph instruments, and then the Morse system, all before he was sixteen years of age. At eighteen he was promoted to the position of first-class operator, and was assigned to duty at Worcester, Mass., where for more than two years during the War he worked the famous "No. 4 East," at that time the heaviest press wire in the country, and it was here he made his reputation as an operator. He received one of Presi-

dent Lincoln's annual messages, comprising about eleven columns of the New York Herald without a break. From Worcester young Delany was appointed to the night management of circuits between New York and Buffalo, being stationed at Albany. In 1867 he accepted a position with the Franklin Telegraph Company, of Philadelphia, as chief operator, and later he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Southern and Atlantic lines, which he managed with great success. Still later he became Superintendent of the Automatic lines. About 1875 Delany took out his first patent, an electro magnetic relay, a substitute for the Page patent relay, which at that time threatened to close up the opposition lines. From 1875 to 1880 he withdrew from the electrical field and adopted the journalistic profession. About five years ago he returned to his original vocation, and took out a number of patents for improvements in telegraphy. His anti-induction cable patents sold for a large sum, and are recognized as the most valuable now in use. Numerous other patents on underground systems were obtained, all of a high order of utility and merit.

About three years ago Delany was invited to attempt the perfection of a system for synchronous multiplex telegraphy. For nearly a year but little progress was made. All the prominent inventors had tried in the same direction for nearly forty years, but without success; Delany, however, kept patiently at work, and finally harnessed two machines, or "distributors," so that, though separated by hundreds of miles, they rotated at the rate of 170 times per minute for days or weeks at a time without the variation of the one-thousandth part of a second. This was synchronism, perfected and automatically maintained, for one machine corrects the other. The wonderful results that have followed this great invention, enabling six, twelve, or even seventy-two, operators to transmit messages at practically the same instant of time seem almost incredible, but are scarcely more startling than those promised for the future. For with synchronism all things telegraphic are deemed possible. Fac-simile transmission, whereby maps, handwriting, pen-portraits, etc., may be sent over the wire, will be among Delany's next perform-

ances, as well as other important results, for the present secret. Covering this system, Delany has taken out a dozen patents, and nearly a similar number are about to be issued from the Patent Office. His patents altogether number nearly forty, most of them important and many of them being secured all over the world.

Delany's ability as an expert operator has been of great value to him in his investigations, enabling him to judge correctly between scientific theories and practical results. It is said of him that, as an operator, he could copy by sound and keep further behind the sender than any other operator in the country—twenty-five words in the rear not being unusual with him.

#### RIUICHI KUKI,

NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR  
TO THE UNITED STATES.

HIS EXCELLENCY R. KUKI, the new Japanese Envoy to the United States, who arrived in Washington a fortnight ago, is the finest specimen of a Japanese gentleman and statesman who has come to us from that prosperous and peaceful Empire. At the first glance one is struck with his large head, his intellectual face, finely cut features, and his pleasant and candid expression, while his cordial manners heighten the good impression which he makes upon all who come in contact with him. By the ladies of Washington he will no doubt be voted "the handsome Japanese."

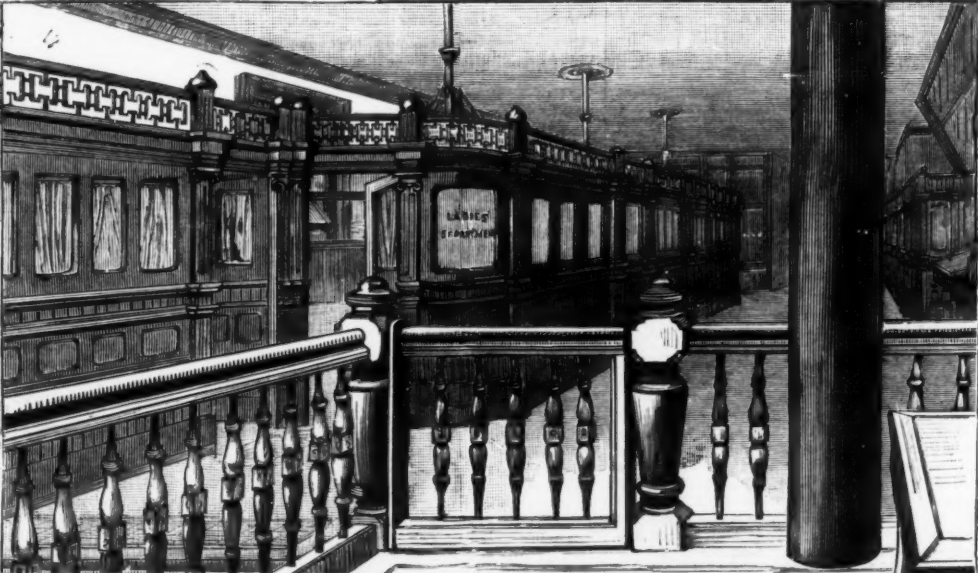
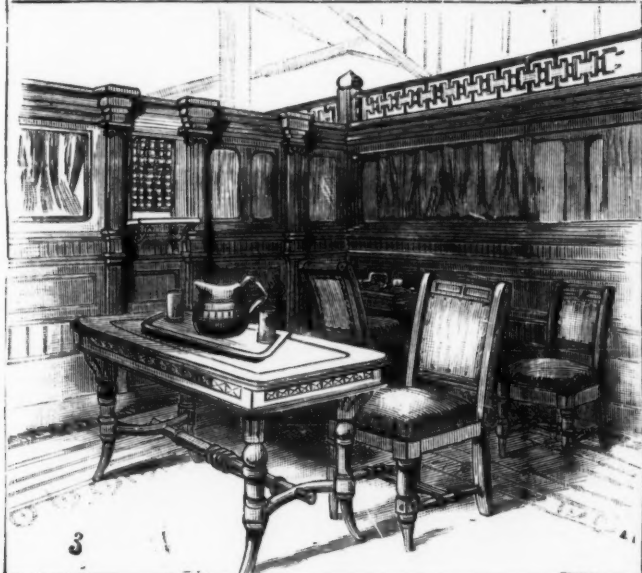
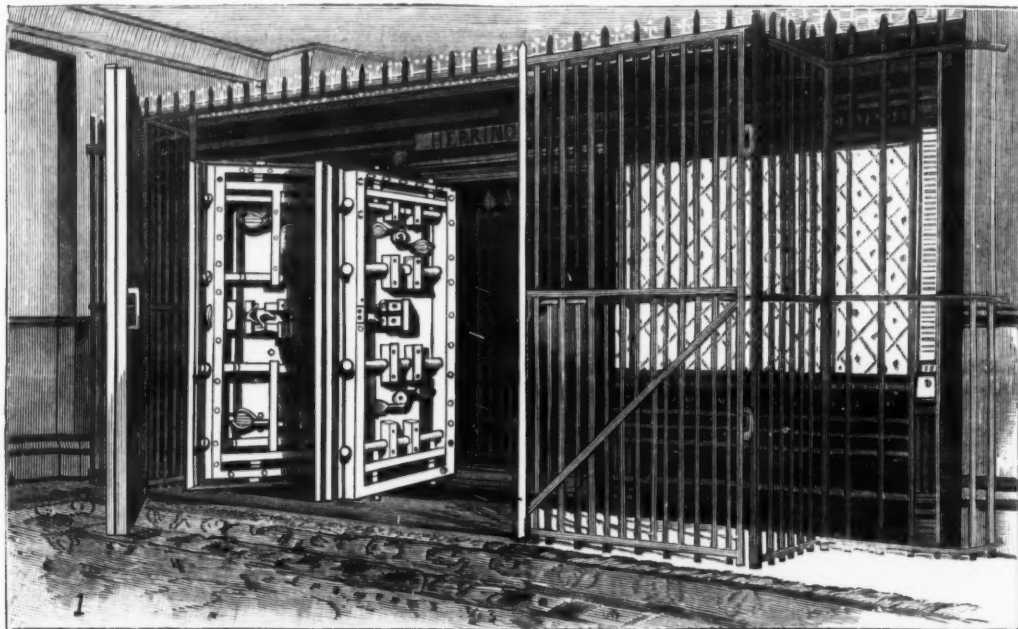
Riuchi Kuki was born in the Province of Settsu in August, 1851, and is therefore in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He was educated and studied law and philosophy under the tutelage of a private instructor. Desiring to see something of foreign countries, their form of government, system of popular education, their progress in the arts and sciences, he left Japan in 1872 for an extended tour in America and Europe. He made good use of his time, and by his keen and close observations during his travels acquired a mass of information which proved of great advantage to his country and himself. On his return he was made Assistant Minister of Education of the Empire, acting a greater part of the time, however,



RIUICHI KUKI, JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY THE INSETSUJIYOKU GALLERY.

as Minister. He was the youngest Cabinet Minister on record of any empire or kingdom, for at the time he was scarcely twenty-four years, but he was mature in both intelligence and experience. He was next promoted to what may be termed *counselleur d'état*, and subsequently he was made a Senator of the Empire. In 1878 he was appointed Commissioner to the French Exposition. Upon his return, and making his report, the Government signalized its approval of his official course by making him a "higher member" of the Department of Agriculture, Public Works and Commerce.

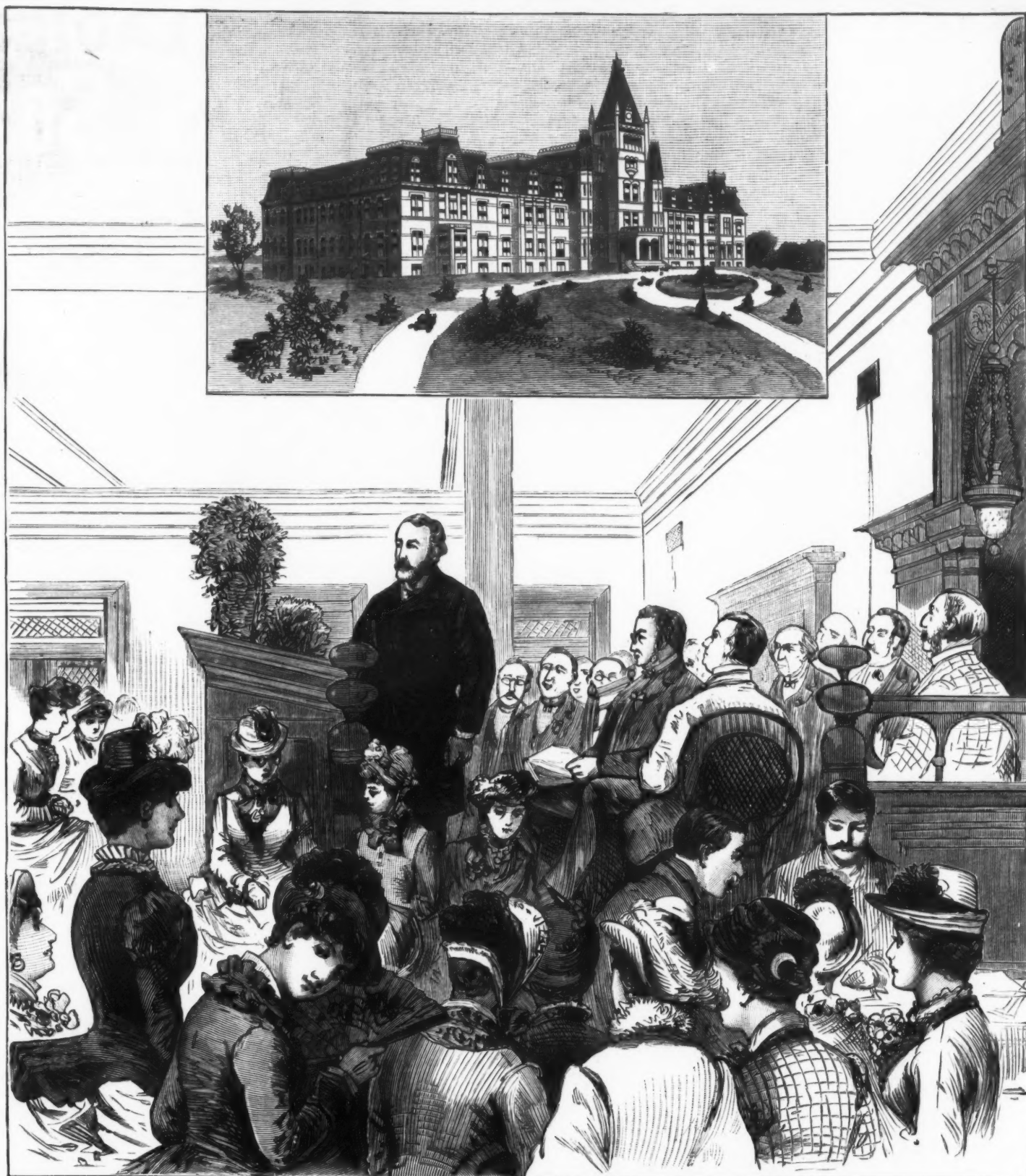
Minister Kuki, as may be expected, is a great advocate of popular and higher education, not only in his own, but all other countries, and Japan is now reaping, or about to reap, the benefit of the system introduced and fostered under his own administration a few years ago. He is a lover, and consequently a patron, of the fine arts, and a promoter of literature by his writings and public



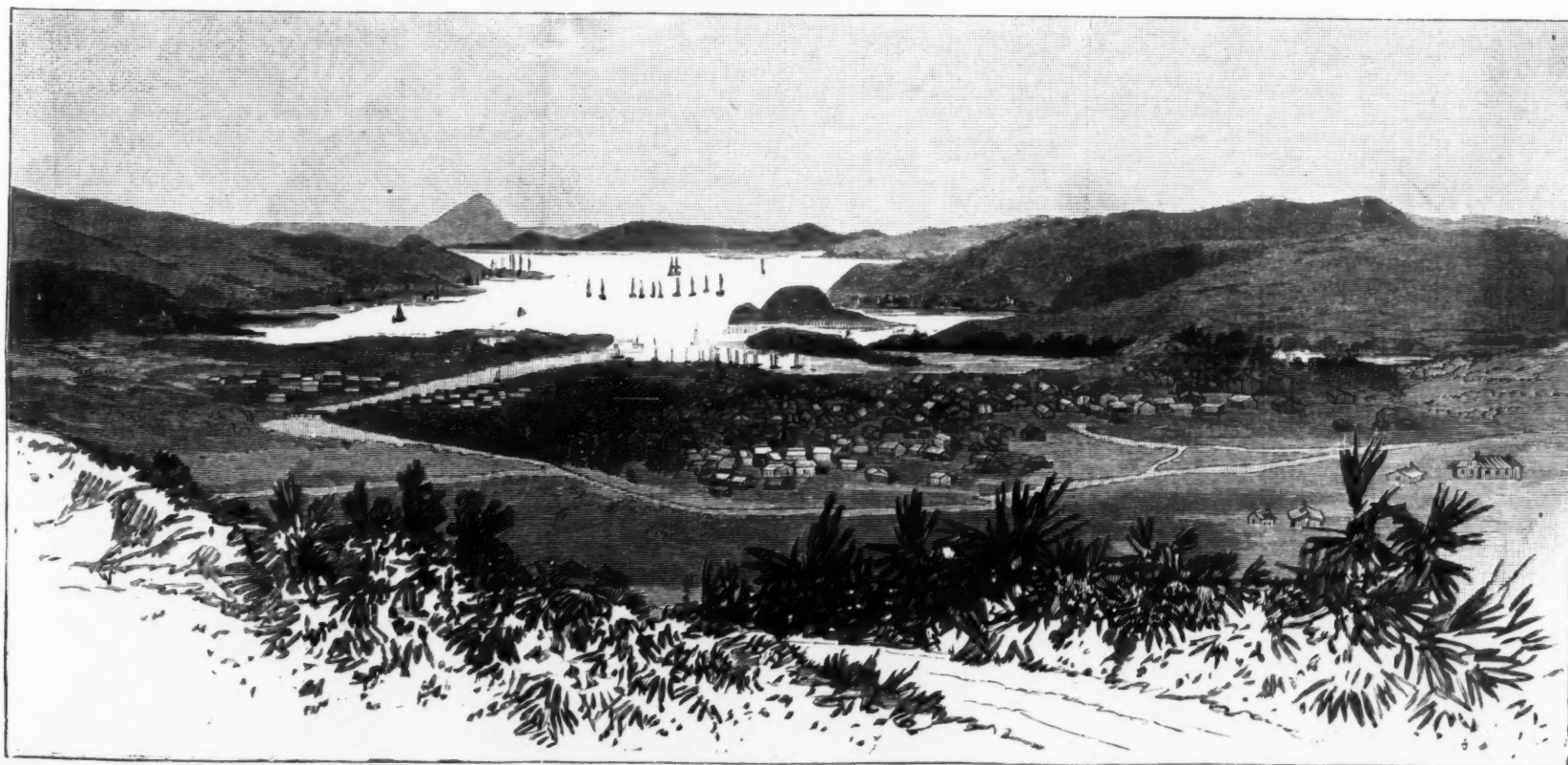
1. The Vault. 2. The Coupon Rooms. 3. The Ladies' Department. 4. The General Offices.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE OFFICES AND HERRING VAULT OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-SEVENTH STREETS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 171.





NEW YORK CITY.—DEDICATION OF THE NEW HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM, CORNER OF 136TH STREET AND TENTH AVENUE, OCTOBER 23D — MAYOR EDSON ADDRESSING THE FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTION.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 171.



CHINA.—KELUNG CITY AND HARBOR, ON THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH.  
SEE PAGE 171.



addresses. He is President of the Educational Association, and Vice-President of the Fine Art Society of Japan. The appointment of such a young and progressive statesman by the Emperor of Japan to the United States is significant and full of promise, foretelling on the part of the Empire a more enlightened and liberal system of education, freer trade in the mechanic arts, and broader and more extensive commerce with the United States.

#### HOW A BABY HELPED TO MAKE A SENATOR.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal tells this story: "It was during Hendricks's first race for the Senate, and a member of the Legislature was in the same car. He was very bitter against Hendricks for some reason or other, and took no pains to conceal it. He was going up to the Capitol with his wife, who had a little baby in her arms. The baby was crying violently, and the mother seemed unable to soothe it. 'Let me have the little fellow,' said Hendricks, walking up and reaching out his arms. The mother handed him the child reluctantly, and he started to dandle it up and down, and did it so successfully that the baby stopped crying, and soon fell asleep. He carried the child all the way to Indianapolis, and when he left the car the member was his warm supporter. So a crying baby helped to make a United States Senator."

#### ANECDOTE OF SKOBELEFF.

THERE are a great number of anecdotes about General Skobelev, which have become legendary in the Russian Army, and there are a much greater number about the Russian Jews which circulate through all classes of Russian society. The following story, which is of interest both for the admirers of the "White General" and the haters of the Russian Jews, was revived when Prince Bismarck, as a sign of special distinction, received the cross Pour le Merite. Skobelev, so goes the story, was working one evening in his tent near the Danube, or near a pond, when a Turkish bomb dropped at the threshold of the tent. The General had just time to see the sentinel outside stoop down and phlegmatically throw the shell into the water. Skobelev approached the soldier and said, "Do you know that you have saved my life?" "I have done my best, General." "Very well; which would you rather have, the St. George's Cross or one hundred roubles?" The sentinel was a Jew with a fine Semitic profile. He hesitated a moment and then said: "What is the value of the St. George's Cross, my General?" "What do you mean? The cross itself is of no value; but it may be worth five roubles perhaps, but it is an honor to possess it." "Well, my General," calmly said the soldier, "if it is like that, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St. George!"

#### THE WORK WOMEN DO IN ENGLAND.

A VERY large number of women are employed in textile manufactures and miscellaneous trades. In cotton-mills there were 302,367, in woolen and worsted manufactures 72,392, and in silk factories 39,694—the number of women in these branches of industry greatly exceeding the men. No fewer than 615,425 females were employed as workers and dealers in dress, and there were 25,772 women shopkeepers, 17,660 costermongers, 1,278 pawnbrokers and 1,403 rag-gatherers and dealers. Female bookbinders outnumbered the males, there being 10,592 in this occupation. The telegraph and telephone service gave employment to 2,228; there were 5,989 female clerks in commercial houses, 60,969 were engaged in agriculture, and 8,583 in the tobacco trade. Women were also engaged as "pointsmen," "warehousemen," builders, harness and whipmakers, farriers, brick and tile-makers, lead-miners and earthenware and glass manufacturers, while 17,769 figured as mechanics and laborers, and a large number were employed in such unfeminine work as nail and tin-making, metal burnishing, bolt, nut, rivet and screw-making.

#### THE FORTHCOMING PLENARY COUNCIL.

MUCH interest is manifested by the Catholic clergy in the approaching Third Plenary Council, to be held in Baltimore, beginning on November 9th next, and there is a good deal of conjecture relative to the business which will engage the attention of that distinguished assemblage. There will be present on that occasion the most prominent Catholic ecclesiastics in the country. The second Council included forty-six mitred prelates, but this one will comprise eighty-eight prelates, of whom there will be thirteen Archbishops and sixty Bishops, besides a number of Priors, Provincials and Superiors of Religious Orders and the Theological Consultors of the Archbishops and Bishops. The proceedings of the Council will be for the most part conducted in secret session, and the decisions arrived at will not be made public until the Papal Consistory passes upon the decrees, in December next. No matter what these conclusions may be, they will be of vast importance in shaping the future course of the Church in the United States.

It is probable that the question of mixed marriages will enter largely into the proceedings, and it is said that a determined stand will be taken on this matter. The intermarrying of Catholics and Protestants has always proved a troublesome question to the Church. As is well known, much misery is frequently entailed to the contracting parties by such unions, and in some Dioceses a special dispensation has to be obtained from the bishop before the priest can perform the marriage ceremony.

Many Dioceses have different rules and regulations for the government of their own affairs. The rapid growth of the Church during the past twenty years has made it imperative that greater uniformity should exist in this direction. The differences in these rules are chiefly due to the varying circumstances, condition and situation of the different Dioceses and ecclesiastical provinces. The work of remedying this will likewise be settled by the Plenary Council. It will also enter largely into questions of discipline and take steps to revive and enforce the decrees of the two former Councils.

The Church in the United States is not provided with a Canon Law such as that which exists in Europe. The Council will formulate a Canon Law particularly adapted to the customs and conditions of the people of this country.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR." Edited by MARIE HANSEN TAYLOR and HORACE E. SCUDDER. 2 vols. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.: BOSTON.

Probably no American author left so rich, wide and varied a field of personal experiences and literary activity as Bayard Taylor. Few, if any, have left so large and devoted a constituency of readers and friends, to all of whom the volumes just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be most welcome and valuable. The life, the career and the work of Mr. Taylor are so well known and so familiar to the literary public that it would be quite superfluous in this connection to rehearse or review them. As a writer of travels, as an agriculturist, as a poet and as a philosopher, Mr. Taylor achieved a distinction, which obtained in the bestowal of the German Mission only the recognition by the Government of his country, of merit long before awarded him by the common consent of his fellow-citizens of the republic of letters. These volumes, as their title implies, are largely autobiographical, and though very many of the letters were never designed for publication, Mr. Taylor was too old and too well-trained a journalist ever to write a dull or uninteresting epistle. His constant personal contact with the literature of the last generation and of those who made it, his acquaintance with the eminent authors of England and the Continent, and his eager, active and cordial temperament—all make his experience and reminiscences not only intensely interesting but full of the most valuable suggestions and historical information. In every page are touches of that large common humanity so characteristic of Mr. Taylor, and "which makes the whole world kin" that gives to this zest and pathos rare in books of its class. The editors have done their work well and rendered valuable aid in a correct knowledge and true understanding of one of our really greatest American authors, whose greatness and worth will increase and develop as the generations pass.

"CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY." A book for young Americans, by JAMES PARTON. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.: BOSTON.

Mr. Parton's title page further defines his "captains" as "men of business who did something besides making money," and the moral of the book, excellent at any time, is particularly pertinent in these, when wealth and haste to get it are the apparent aim and substance of so much young American life and energy. That Mr. Parton has made an interesting book "goes without saying." It would probably be impossible for him to write a dull sentence or a heavy paragraph, no matter how weighty the subject or serious the moral. In the lives of Mr. Ichabod Washburn, Elihu Burritt, Garrett Smith, John Smedley, Robert Owen, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and forty or fifty more, of whom these are types each in a distinct and original sphere, Mr. Parton shows that there are other things worth doing in this world besides getting rich, and that often the road to riches is through the happiness of others, or the road to happiness is through a competence and comfort for others. Boys will be eager to read the "Captains of Industry," and every right-minded parent will be equally eager to have it read and pondered. It conveys the soundest wisdom under her fairest and most interesting guise.

#### FUN.

"THE half dollar of 1825 is not rare," says a Philadelphia authority. Indeed, no. It is the half dollar of 1884 that is rare.

"Oh, boatman, is there any danger? Is anybody ever lost on this river?" "No, mum, no; never. We always pick up the bodies after a day or two."

When Howard wrote "I find a pity hangs upon his breast," the fellow had evidently a cold, and had not yet been informed that Dr. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP was the only safe remedy.

"I pride myself on my descent," said a spinster, of uncertain age, recently. "One of my ancestors came over with the Conqueror." "Which one was that?" cried a cruel wit, your father or your mother?"

#### ARRESTING THE PROGRESS OF CONSUMPTION.

In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Efforts are made to reach this through outdoor exercise, and by various other means for improving the general health which are known to invalids and physicians. Now, in the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, has been discovered an agent that gives directly this higher vitality, which generally becomes apparent at the very outset of its use. This is manifest in an almost immediate increase of appetite, and in a sense of life and bodily comfort. If the treatment is continued, a steady improvement nearly always follows; and where the disease has not become too deeply seated, a cure may be confidently looked for. If you would have satisfactory evidence of this, send to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself, and they will be promptly furnished.

The remains of an English traveler had been exhumed for interment in the family vault. When the coffin was opened the spectators started back in affright. "Why, these appear to be the remains of a lion," "Yes," replied a nephew of the deceased, with a sigh, "that's the lion that ate him up; uncle's inside of him!"

#### "Acted Like a Charm."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne Street, New Orleans, says of BROWN'S IRON BITTER. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

#### DON'T HAWK, SPIT, COUGH.

SUFFER dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. SAGE'S "CATARRH REMEDY" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease.

#### THE COLUMBIA BANK.

THE COLUMBIA BANK solicits accounts of families and young business men. The institution is young, but founded on a solid basis. The location is particularly desirable for up-town residents of New York—corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. The COLUMBIA's directorate consists of many men of eminence and ability. Mr. Henry J. Hubbard is the cashier, and Mr. Samuel D. Patterson, assistant cashier, men of tried integrity. Among the directors are Presidents William M. Bliss, of the Central National Bank; F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College; W. B. Dinwiddie, of Adams Express Company; William L. Strong, of the Brush Electric Light Company; ex-Governor Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad; and John H. Van Antwerp, of the National Savings Bank.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

##### FOR ALCOHOLISM.

DR. C. S. ELLIS, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

##### "ROUGH ON RAT."

CLEARs out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

"As delighted with it. I have no confidence in the colorless extracts. A pure article was greatly needed," says Dr. J. J. YOUNG, President Jersey City (N. J.) Board of Health and Vital Statistics, of the LIEBIG CO'S ARNICATED-EXTRACT WITCH HAZEL. Cures Painful Periods, Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Sore Breasts, and quickly relieves pains of any kind.

##### HEART PAINS.

PALPITATION, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER."

##### BURNETT'S COCAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay.

Use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS—the best.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread-and-jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply; "but she would be still better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

##### "ROUGH ON CORNS."

ASK for WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

FLAT.—She: "Why did you come to the country so late this year?" He (recently married): "I have been ransacking the city to get a stylish flat for next Winter, but I couldn't find one." She: "You are not as lucky as your wife."

##### THE LARGEST PILE TUMORS

SPEEDILY and painlessly cured without knife, caustic or salve. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet, references and reply. WORLD'S DISPENSARY, MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

##### "BUCHU-PAIBA."

QUICK, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1. Druggists.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

##### "ROUGH ON COUGHS."

ASK for "ROUGH ON COUGHS," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

A MAN in Milwaukee has written a poultry book of 1,200 pages—a regular hencyclopedia, as it were.

"I would not live away." No; not if disease is to make my life a daily burden. But it need not, good friend, and will not if you will be wise in time. How many of our loved ones are moldering in the dust who might have been spared for years! The slight cough was unheeded, the many symptoms of disease that lurked within were slighted and death came. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" cannot recall the dead, though it has snatched numbers from the verge of the grave, and will cure consumption in its earlier stages.

##### THIN PEOPLE.

"WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

##### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

##### "ROUGH ON PAIN."

CURES colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

##### PILES—PILES—PILES

CURED without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references to Dr. CORKINS, 11 East 30th St.

##### MOTHERS.

If you are failing; broken, worn-out and nervous, use "WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER." \$1. Druggists.

##### YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

##### A STEP FROM STARVATION TO RICHES.

In St. Louis, Mo., a Canadian, Louis P. Alhman, residing in a room No. 325 Spruce Street, was the happiest man last night. To a reporter he said: "I was out of work and money. I borrowed \$1 from the barkeeper at De Vota's saloon, on Fourth Street, and bought a fifth of ticket No. 70,498, in the September 9th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. My family ran out of food, and I offered the ticket for fifteen cents—no one would buy—when I received the drawing list, and found I had drawn \$15,000, my wife and brothers, who had scolded me, immediately recognized my ability, and congratulated me heartily. I once sold a ticket in this same lottery, after paying \$1 for it, six years ago, for \$5 and it drew \$5,000 the next day."—St. Louis, (Mo.) Republican, Sept. 18th.

## LADIES

Who have once used our goods are now careful to look for the INITIALS OF OUR COMPANY on every piece of DRESS LININGS they buy.

A few DEALERS are stating to the trade that they are selling our goods, when in point of fact they are offering only an IMITATION ARTICLE made from SHORT STAPLE COTTON, thereby practicing a gross deception.

BE SURE you buy no goods without you see PLAINLY PRINTED on the SELVAGE THE LETTER G for the quarter of a yard and THE LETTER M for the three-quarters of a yard. You will then get a lining that for Toughness, Firmness and Fineness is Positively Unequaled.

We give below a list of a few of the representative houses where these goods can be found:

##### IN NEW YORK:

ARNOLD, CONSTANCE & CO.,  
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LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 2nd ST.,  
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CONKLING & CHIVVIS,  
SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON,  
LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 14th ST.,  
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J. DANIELL & SONS,  
H. O'NEILL & CO.,  
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OWEN JONES' SONS,  
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GEORGE KEYES' SON & CO.,  
BLOOMINGDALE BROS.,  
KAUGHAN & CO.,  
WESTERVELT & DEMOREST,  
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##### IN BROOKLYN:

FREDERICK LOESER & CO.,  
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Trust funds, estates, etc., managed on moderate terms, and income or interest promptly collected and remitted. Authorized to act as court, city or State depository; also as trustee, fiscal or transfer agent of corporations, States or municipalities.

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### CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

### Dyspepsia Cured

Without medicine. Address, Box 302, Asheville, N.C.

### GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

399 Broadway, N. Y.

Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna.

Raw meerschaum & amber for sale

### ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

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